March 1967

Ramparts

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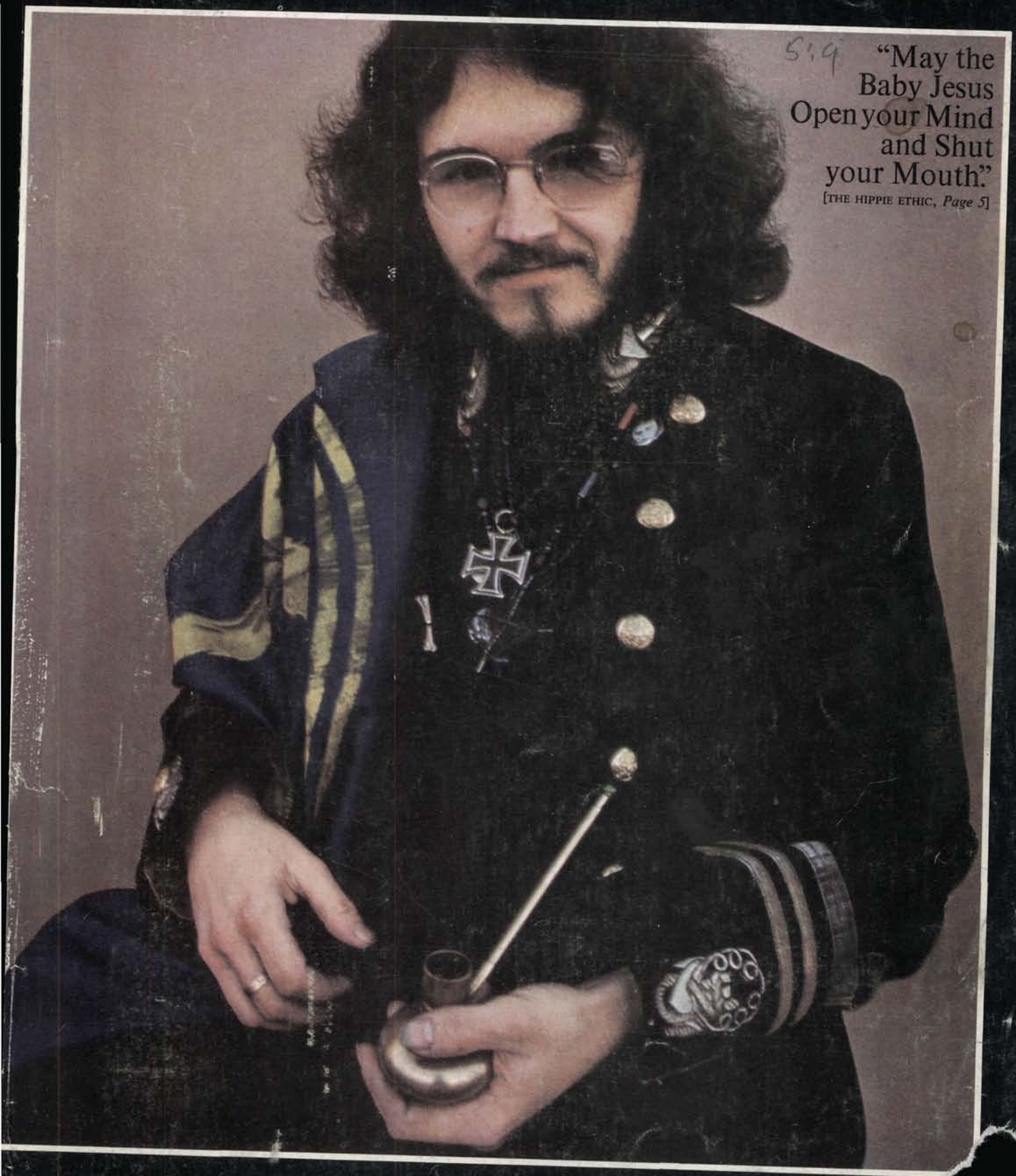

"May the Baby Jesus Open your Mind and Shut your Mouth."

[THE HIPPIE ETHIC, *Page 5*]

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[RAMPARTS HAS HAD ISSUE]

By purchasing this poster for $7.00 you will receive 52 issues of The Sunday Ramparts absolutely free.

The Sunday Ramparts

SAIGON CABLE: 'DEMOCRATIC ELECTIONS' WERE A FARCE

THE CREATION OF RONALD REAGAN

MRS. JOHNSON'S VISIT

A night at Port Chicago

Funny, it doesn't *look* safe.

A FEW MONTHS AGO we (the editors of Ramparts) were sitting in a bar discussing the sorry excuses we have in this country for metropolitan newspapers. Normally the result of such a conversation would have been an article for the magazine. This time, however, we were moved to more drastic measures; that is, to publish our own newspaper.

Although The Sunday Ramparts began as an experiment, it ultimately dragged us into the newspaper publishing business by our heels. Apparently others feel the same way about the general level of newspapers as we do.

This endeavor does provide us with a cure for one of the most frustrating aspects of producing a monthly; that of the time lag between issues. We are now able to provide our readers with greater immediacy by having correspondents from all over the country and the world contribute weekly and bi-monthly reports; some of these reporters include Julian Bond in the south, Jean Lacouture in Paris and Southeast Asia, and Paul Krassner in New York.

So—it is possible for you to receive The Sunday Ramparts by mail: every two weeks for now, but if the demand from our subscribers is sufficient we suppose that we shall have to go weekly. In any case, by filling out the device opposite, you are assured of receiving, in addition to the above poster (13″x19″) 52 issues of the newspaper.

THE SUNDAY RAMPARTS
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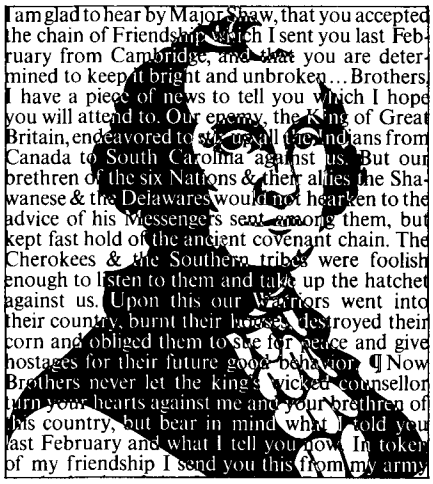
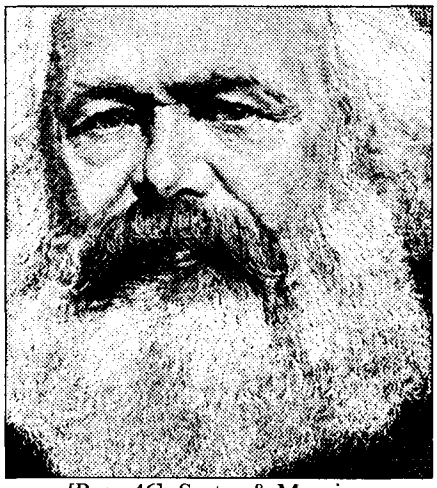
[Page 5] The Hippies

[Page 29] The Students



I am glad to hear by Major Shaw, that you accepted the chain of Friendship which I sent you last February from Cambridge, and that you are determined to keep it bright and unbroken... Brothers, I have a piece of news to tell you which I hope you will attend to. Our enemy, the King of Great Britain, endeavored to stir us all the Indians from Canada to South Carolina against us. But our brethren of the six Nations & their allies the Shawanese & the Delawares would not hearken to the advice of his Messengers sent among them, but kept fast hold of the ancient covenant chain. The Cherokees & the Southern tribes were foolish enough to listen to them and take up the hatchet against us. Upon this our Warriors went into their country, burnt their houses, destroyed their corn and obliged them to sue for peace and give hostages for their future good behavior. ¶ Now Brothers never let the king's wicked counsellor turn your hearts against me and your brethren of this country, but bear in mind what I told you last February and what I tell you now. In token of my friendship I send you this from my army

[Page 40] Passamaquoddy Indians



[Page 46] Sartre & Marxism

Ramparts

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 9 MARCH 1967

CORRESPONDENCE 2

ESSAYS

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT 27
by Adam Hochschild

THE PASSAMAQUODDY INDIANS 40
by David Welsh

SARTRE: THE MARXIST PHASE 46
by H. Stuart Hughes

SPECIAL REPORTS

THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE HIPPIES 5
by Warren Hinckle

NSA AND THE CIA 29
by Sol Stern

An Epilogue . . . 50
by Michael Wood

. . . And A Judgment 51
by Marcus Raskin

LITERATURE 52

BOOK REVIEWS
by Stephen Schneck, Tom Hayden, William Appleman Williams and Judy Marine

SOREL'S BESTIARY: The Jackal 53

5
9
March 67

Apologia:

WE'RE TAKING this mail order course on how to put out a magazine, but this month the instructions on Marginalia didn't arrive. So we jumped right in and began the main body of the issue right up there on page 5. We asked regular Marginalia columnists like Jean Lacouture, G. M. Feigen and Paul Krassner, this once, to wait until April for their say. That allowed us to print some additional essays in an issue where the main stories required a lot of telling. You may read this all at your leisure and then tell the mail order people if we did the right thing.

There are about 500 Passamaquoddy Indians left in Maine, and David Welsh, at the rate of approximately 100 words per Indian, has delivered himself of a poignant account of their unusually hard times (p. 40). News Editor Welsh, by the way, is part Indian but he has never told us which part.

The story of the National Student Association's relationship with the CIA (p. 29) is disquieting in its own right, but much more disturbing as a real example of the extent to which this government's secret intelligence apparatus has infiltrated presumably independent American institutions. Until the CIA's most elite operations are brought under the effective control of Congress, you can consider this story a serial. We just don't think the CIA has any damn business co-opting Americans, and we plan to expose it every chance we get.

"The Story of Oakland, California," RAMPARTS' 18,000 word analysis (February 1966) of the shame of that city, is included in the anthology *Best Magazine Stories of 1966* published by Crown. We mention this just in case you felt we weren't doing our mail order homework.

—W.H.

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Correspondence

TIME ON OUR HANDS

SIRS:

In referring to RAMPARTS' January issue as "a stiff jab to the public jaw," Time was guilty of its habitual distortion. That issue was a solid right cross, and Time's refusal to recognize it as such merely expresses the envy of those smug, anemic prostitutes for journalists practicing the rugged individualism that Time preaches. Keep punching!

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.
Denville, New Jersey

SIRS:

Congratulations! You gave Time magazine a kick in their conscience. I had never heard of you until I read Time's review [Time, January 6, 1967].

You should send reprints of Dr. Spock's article along with the pictures to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, and all the other "stars" of our "Great Society" . . .

DANIEL BERNSTEIN
New York City

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

SIRS:

Heartiest congratulations on your splendid Double Issue.

I am enclosing tear sheets from the Congressional Record which show what use we made of the captions used by you to describe the horrible injuries inflicted upon the Vietnamese children.

ERNEST GRUENING
United States Senate

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD— SENATE
January 19, 1967

SHOCKING PHOTOGRAPHS NOW RELEASED SHOWING CIVILIAN CASUALTIES OF U.S. BOMBINGS IN VIETNAM

Mr. GRUENING. Mr. President, the January issue of Ramparts magazine carried a special supplement entitled "The Children of Vietnam" which contains some of the most shocking photographs I have ever seen. The photographs were taken by Mr. William F. Pepper, executive director of the New Rochelle Commission on Human Rights and a teacher at Mercy College in New York. The pictures of innocent children maimed by shrapnel and burned by napalm should be seen by all those advocates of our immoral war against the Vietnamese people. How can our present course in Vietnam be right when the very nature of the war we have embarked on is resulting in the wholesale destruction of the people whom we are supposed to be saving from communism?

I wish these photographs could be reprinted in the RECORD, but perhaps the captions accompanying the pictures which Mr. Pepper wrote as a result of his visits to hospitals and orphanages in Vietnam will convey some idea of the brutality we are inflicting on a defenseless populace.

Mr. GRUENING. Mr. President, there are those who will say that we should not give publicity to these photographs of civilian injuries so as not to provide grist for the Communist mill. That is not so. The world outside the United States is well aware of these facts.

Then there will be others who will say that the pictures and text concentrate solely on civilian injuries caused by South Vietnamese and U.S. bombings without mention of the civilian injuries of similar type caused by the Vietcong.

There is a difference: The United States cannot stop the tortures inflicted on Vietnamese civilians by the Vietcong except by bringing the fighting there to a speedy conclusion. But, there is something the United States can do to stop the South Vietnamese and U.S. bombing of civilian women and children.

SIRS:

The enclosed poem was inspired by your report in the January issue on "The Children of Vietnam."

This poem may be of special interest in that it represents the response of an American child to the tragedy of childhood in Vietnam. "To a Dead Child" was written by 8-year-old Jennifer Ward.

TO A DEAD CHILD

Doves coo,
Like pigeons do.
In your heart
You were a lark.
Love circled your head,
While dead wounds bled.

PATRICIA WARD
Hayfork, California

SIRS:

Whilst not always agreeing with your "approaches" I generally agree with the things you publish. I wholeheartedly subscribe to your treatment of the Vietnam shock pictures in the January issue.

ALAN GREGORY
Sheffield, England

SIRS:

I was struck by a passage in the recent pronouncement on the Vietnam war by the National Council of Catholic Bishops: "And we must clearly protest whenever there is a danger that the conflict will be escalated beyond morally acceptable limits."

I wonder what morally acceptable limits of mutual killing are? Is the morality of murder a matter of quantity and degree? Is a small slaughter morally acceptable and a big one not? Are there above-and-below limits to the moral acceptability of war? Killing as such is not exactly advocated in the Ten Commandments, a document the bishops may have heard of. The particular injunction I have reference to reads, "Thou shalt not kill," not "Thou shalt not kill too much."

FELIX POLLAK
Madison, Wisconsin

DALLAS REVISITED

SIRS:

Your article, "The Case for Three Assassins" [RAMPARTS, January 1967], was very well done—solidly researched and clearly presented.

Dr. Riddle is correct, of course, in observing that the bullet which hurled President Kennedy's head backward and to the left had to come from a position forward and to the right of the President, i.e., the Grassy Knoll.

However, while he is also correct in stating "the initial motion of his head is downward in frames 312-313," this is not a complete description, for in these frames the President's head has also moved forward, slightly but unmistak-

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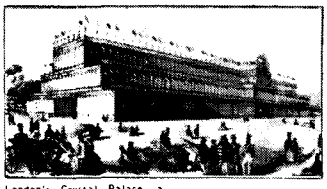
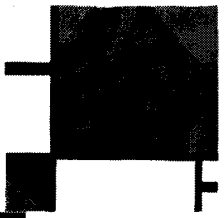
LANDMARKS OF THE WORLD'S ART

A "modern" of the French Revolution, Jacques Louis David turned to ancient Rome for inspiration. His brilliant neoclassic style became so popular it was imitated in clothes, coiffures, and furniture



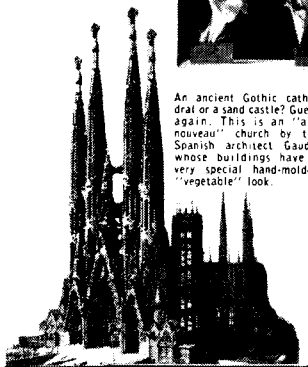
London's Crystal Palace, a 19th century "pre-fab" was modelled after glass greenhouses. Its designer was a landscape gardener named William Paxton.



Piet Mondrian started as a landscape painter, eventually simplified everything he saw into compositions of vertical and horizontal lines.

Umberto Boccioni's bronze figure in motion takes its inspiration from the fluttering draperies of Baroque and Hellenistic sculpture.

A feathery softness distinguishes this Seated Bather of Renoir, whose paintings celebrate the beauty of women and the sweetness of friendship.



An ancient Gothic cathedral or a sand castle? Guess again. This is an "art nouveau" church by the Spanish architect Gaudi, whose buildings have a very special hand-molded "vegetable" look.

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ably (approximately one to two inches along the line of the car).

The downward motion which Dr. Riddle observes is easily discernible by noting that the President's head appears sharply lower in 313 than in 312, in relation to the dark horizontal line in the background.

By employing this line as a reference, the following additional observations are noted: 1) his head in 314 is level with the curb line, as it is in 313, and no further forward motion is discernible; 2) at 315 the upper portion of his head again goes above the line, as it begins to move sharply to the rear; 3) the rapid leftward and rearward motion continues until his head bounces against the seat back (and again goes below the line) less than one-half second later at 321.

From the above, it can be seen that President Kennedy's head *does not* describe a continuous motion, as we would expect to be the case if it was struck by a single bullet. Instead, it describes *two separate* motions between 312-315: the first in 312-313; forward, down, and towards the right; the second in 314-315, an arc—up and over to the left rear, and against the seat back. These two distinct motions strongly suggest they resulted, not from a single shot, but from the impact of two separate bullets.

Further corroboration for such a double head-hit has been noted by observers who have studied individual color frames at the National Archives. A *large* wound appears on the right side of President Kennedy's head—extending forward of the ear—in frames immediately following the graphic impact at 313. Such a large wound is consistent with an exit wound.

If this wound on the right side of the head is indeed an exit, then it obviously could not have resulted from a shot *entering* from the right front direction of the Grassy Knoll. Since it is also obvious (as Dr. Riddle emphasizes) that the bullet which immediately thereafter knocked President Kennedy backward and to the left could come *only* from the direction of the Knoll, the double head-hit emerges as the most logical explanation for *all* the observed phenomena.

RAYMOND MARCUS
Los Angeles, California

NOTE: Mr. Marcus, a RAMPARTS research consultant on the assassination, is the author of *The Bastard Bullet*, a monograph on Bullet 399.

SIRS:

As a psychologist with some familiarity with what is or is not plausible in the realm of behavioral predictability and consistency of motivation, I would gladly believe that President Kennedy and Governor Connally were struck by a super-duper radio-controlled bullet that could have done any gyrations necessary to produce the damage and then destroy itself on command, rather than entertain for a moment the hypothesis that the behavior of the Warren Commission and its staff constituted a coherent, dispassionate search for fact. Never mind if the entire crew was miraculously struck lunatic—there still is no plausible explanation for its fantastic performance other than that it stemmed from a prejudgment of the existence of one and only one assassin, Lee Oswald. All the rest flows naturally from that assumption—all 26 volumes of rationalization.

JOHN J. BOSLEY
San Francisco, California

HAIRY INDIGNATION

SIRS:

I was interested in Ralph Gleason's remarks on long hair (RAMPARTS, January 1967), but as a parent who has to fight the battle of the non-brow more or less daily, I can't help but feel that Gleason has missed the point.

The vast majority of American youth is not only not in rebellion, but is considerably more conservative than we elders. Most youths are, in fact, so conventional, so terrified of losing their status with the peer group, and so rigid in their evaluation of their fellows that they make the N.A.M. seem like a bunch of amiable eccentrics.

What it comes down to is that if my kids ever grow long hair and demonstrate for anything they think is important enough to fight for, I'll be so proud my proverbial buttons will burst, but so long as long hair and an expensive, wasteful wardrobe are the uniform of the American Youth—by which I mean one of the most hedonistic, sybaritic, self-centered, irresponsible, uncommitted jerks history has yet produced—I shall fight the trend with all the tired platitudes left in the arsenal of the Old Left.

WILLIAM P. NICOLET
New Bedford, Massachusetts

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[*Article begins on Page 9*]

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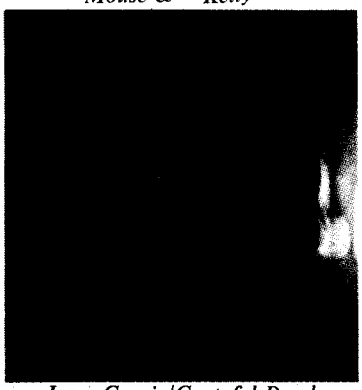
Dramatis Personæ

Mouse & Kelly

Timothy Leary

Allen Cohen/Oracle Editor



Jerry Garcia/Grateful Dead

Emmett Grogan/The Diggers

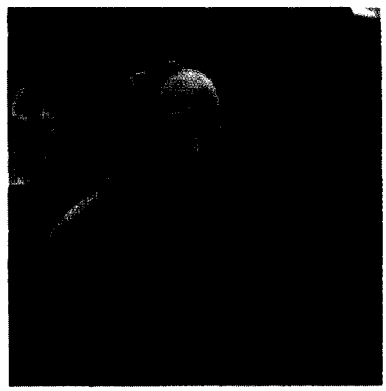
Mario Savio

Allen Ginsberg

Jerry Rubin

Bill Graham/Fillmore Auditorium

Jay & Ron Thelin/Psychedelic Shop



Ken Kesey

Photographs by Jim Lakiotes, Erik Weber & Tony Husch

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The Acid Test

[AS CONDUCTED BY KEN KESEY IN JANUARY OF 1966]

The Psychedelic Bus

Photography by Susan Elting

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The Trips Festival

[1966]

Photography by Susan Elting

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AN elderly school bus, painted like a fluorescent Easter egg in orange, chartreuse, cerise, white, green, blue and, yes, black, was parked outside the solitary mountain cabin, which made it an easy guess that Ken Kesey, the novelist turned psychedelic Hotspur, was inside. So, of course, was Neal Cassady, the Tristram Shandy of the Beat Generation, prototype hero of Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*, who had sworn off allegiance to Kerouac when the beat scene became menopausal and signed up as the driver of Kesey's fun and games bus, which is rumored to run on LSD. Except for these notorious luminaries, the Summit Meeting of the leaders of the new hippie subculture, convened in the lowlands of California's High Sierras during an early spring weekend last month, seemed a little like an Apalachin Mafia gathering without Joe Bananas.

Where was Allen Ginsberg, father goddam to two generations of the underground? In New York, reading his poetry to freshmen. And where was Timothy Leary, self-styled guru to tens or is it hundreds of thousands of turned-on people? Off to some nowhere place like Stockton, to preach the gospel of Lysergic Acid Diethylamide to nice ladies in drip dry dresses.

The absence of the elder statesmen of America's synthetic gypsy movement meant something. It meant that the leaders of the booming psychedelic bohemia in the seminal city of San Francisco were their own men—and strangely serious men, indeed, for hippies. Ginsberg and Leary may be Pied Pipers, but they are largely playing old tunes. The young men who make the new scene accept Ginsberg as a revered observer from the elder generation; Leary they abide as an Elmer Gantry on their side, to be used for proselytizing squares, only.

The mountain symposium had been called for the extraordinary purpose of discussing the political future of the hippies. Hippies are many things, but most prominently the bearded and beaded inhabitants of the Haight-Ashbury, a little psychedelic city-state edging Golden Gate Park. There, in a daily street-fair atmosphere, upwards of 15,000 unbonded girls and boys interact in a tribal, love-seeking, free-swinging, acid-based type of society where, if you are a hippie and you have a dime, you can put it in a parking meter and lie down in the street for an hour's suntan (30 minutes for a nickel) and most drivers will be careful not to run you over.

Speaking, sometimes all at once, inside the Sierra cabin were many voices of conscience and vision of the Haight-Ashbury—belonging to men who, except for their Raggedy Andy hair, paisley shirts and pre-mod western levi jackets, sounded for all the world like Young Republicans.

They talked about reducing governmental controls, the sanctity of the individual, the need for equality among men. They talked, very seriously, about the kind of society they wanted to live in, and the fact that if they wanted an ideal world they would have to go out and make it for themselves, because nobody, least of all the government, was going to do it for them.

The utopian sentiments of these hippies were not to be put down lightly. Hippies have a clear vision of the ideal community—a psychedelic community, to be sure—where everyone is turned on and beautiful and loving and happy and floating free. But it is a vision that, despite the Alice in Wonderland phraseology hippies usually breathlessly employ to describe it, necessarily embodies a radical political philosophy: communal life, drastic restriction of private property, rejection of violence, creativity before consumption, freedom before authority, de-emphasis of government and traditional forms of leadership.

Despite a disturbing tendency to quietism, all hippies *ipso facto* have a political posture—one of unremitting opposition to the Establishment which insists on branding them criminals because they take LSD and marijuana, and hating them, anyway, because they enjoy sleeping nine in a room and three to a bed, seem to have free sex and guilt-

by Warren Hinckle

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less minds, and can raise healthy children in dirty clothes.

The hippie choice of weapons is to love the Establishment to death rather than protest it or blow it up (hippies possess a confounding disconcern about traditional political methods or issues). But they are decidedly and forever outside the Consensus on which this society places such a premium, and since the hippie scene is so much the scene of those people under 25 that Time magazine warns will soon constitute half our population, this is a significant political fact.

This is all very solemn talk about people who like to skip rope and wear bright colors, but after spending some time with these fun and fey individuals you realize that, in a very unexpected way, they are as serious about what they're doing as the John Birch Society or the Junior League. It is not improbable, after a few more mountain seminars by those purposeful young men wearing beads, that the Haight-Ashbury may spawn the first utopian collectivist community since Brook Farm.

That this society finds it so difficult to take such rascally looking types seriously is no doubt the indication of a deep-rooted hang-up. But to comprehend the psychosis of America in the computer age, you have to know what's with the hippies.

[KEN KESEY—I]

Games people play, Merry Prankster Division

LET US GO, then, on a trip.

You can't miss the Tripmaster: the thick-necked lad in the blue and white striped pants with the red belt and the golden eagle buckle, a watershed of wasted promise in his pale blue eyes, one front tooth capped in patriotic red, white and blue, his hair downy, flaxen, straddling the incredibly wide divide of his high forehead like two small toupees pasted on sideways. Ken Kesey, Heir Apparent Number One to the grand American tradition of blowing one's artistic talent to do some other thing, was sitting in a surprisingly comfortable chair inside the bus with the psychedelic crust, puffing absentmindedly on a harmonica.

The bus itself was ambulatory at about 50 miles an hour, jogging along a back road in sylvan Marin County, four loudspeakers turned all the way up, broadcasting both inside and outside Carl Orff's Carmina Burana and filled with two dozen people simultaneously smoking marijuana and looking for an open ice cream store. It was the Thursday night before the Summit Meeting weekend and Kesey, along with some 15 members of the turned-on yes men and women who call him "Chief" and whom he calls the "Merry Pranksters" in return, was demonstrating a "game" to a delegation of visiting hippie firemen.

Crossing north over the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco to Marin County to pay Kesey a state visit were seven members of The Diggers, a radical organization even by Haight-Ashbury standards, which exists to give things away, free. The Diggers started out giving out free food, free clothes, free lodging and free legal advice, and hope eventually to create a totally free cooperative community. They had come to ask Kesey to get serious and attend the weekend meeting on the state of the nation of the hippies.

The dialogue had hardly begun, however, before Kesey loaded all comers into the bus and pushed off into the dark to search for a nocturnal ice cream store. The bus, which may be the closest modern man has yet come to aping the self-sufficiency of Captain Nemo's submarine, has its own power supply and is equipped with instruments for a full rock band, microphones, loudspeakers, spotlights and comfortable seats all around. The Pranksters are presently installing microphones every three feet on the bus walls so everybody can broadcast to everybody else all at once.

At the helm was the Intrepid Traveler, Ken Babbs, who is auxiliary chief of the Merry Pranksters when Kesey is out of town or incommunicado or in jail, all three of which he has recently been. Babbs, who is said to be the model for the heroes of both Kesey novels, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes A Great Notion*, picked up a microphone to address the guests in the rear of the bus, like the driver of a Grayline tour: "We are being followed by a police car. Will someone watch and tell me when he turns on his red light."

The law was not unexpected, of course, because any cop who sees Kesey's bus just about *has* to follow it, would probably end up with some form of professional D.T.'s if he didn't. It is part of the game: the cop was now playing on their terms, and Kesey and his Pranksters were delighted. In fact, a discernible wave of disappointment swept across the bus when the cop finally gave up chasing this particular U.F.O. and turned onto another road.

The games he plays are very important to Kesey. In many ways his intellectual rebellion has come full circle; he has long ago rejected the structured nature of society—the foolscap rings of success, conformity and acceptance "normal" people must regularly jump through. To the liberated intellect, no doubt, these requirements constitute the most sordid type of game. But, once rejecting all the norms of society, the artist is free to create his own structures—and along with any new set of rules, however personal, there is necessarily, the shell to the tortoise, a new set of games. In Kesey's case, at least, the games are usually fun. Running around the outside of an insane society, the healthiest thing you can do is laugh.

It helps to look at this sort of complicated if not con-

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fused intellectual proposition in bas relief, as if you were looking at the simple pictures on Wedgewood china. Stand Successful Author Ken Kesey off against, say, Successful Author Truman Capote. Capote, as long as his game is accepted by the system, is free to be as mad as he can. So he tosses the biggest, most vulgar ball in a long history of vulgar balls, and achieves the perfect idiot synthesis of the upper middle and lower royal classes. Kesey, who cares as much about the system as he does about the Eddie Cantor Memorial Forest, invents his own game. He purchases a pre-'40s International Harvester school bus, paints it psychedelic, fills it with undistinguished though lovable individuals in varying stages of eccentricity, and drives brazenly down the nation's highways, high on LSD, watching and waiting for the cops to blow their minds.

At the least, Kesey's posture has the advantage of being intellectually consistent with the point of view of his novels. In *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, he uses the setting of an insane asylum as a metaphor for what he considers to be the basic insanity, or at least the fundamentally bizarre illogic, of American society. Since the world forces you into a game that is both mad and unfair, you are better off inventing your own game. Then, at least, you have a chance of winning. At least that's what Kesey thinks.

[KEN KESEY—II]

The Curry Is Very Hot;
Merry Pranksters Are Having Pot

THERE WASN'T MUCH DOING on late afternoon television, and the Merry Pranksters were a little restless. A few were turning on; one Prankster amused himself squirting his friends with a yellow plastic watergun; another staggered into the living room, exhausted from peddling a bicycle in ever-diminishing circles in the middle of the street. They were all waiting, quite patiently, for dinner, which the Chief was whipping up himself. It was a curry, the recipe of no doubt cabalistic origin. Kesey evidently took his cooking seriously, because he stood guard by the pot for an hour and a half, stirring, concentrating on the little clock on the stove that didn't work.

There you have a slice of domestic life, February 1967, from the swish Marin County home of Attorney Brian Rohan. As might be surmised, Rohan is Kesey's attorney, and the novelist and his *aides de camp* had parked their bus outside for the duration. The duration might last a long time, because Kesey has dropped out of the hippie scene. Some might say that he was pushed, because he fell, very hard, from favor among the hippies last year when he announced that he, Kesey, personally, was going to help reform the psychedelic scene. This sudden social conscience may have had something to do with beating a jail sentence on a compounded marijuana charge, but when Kesey obtained his freedom with instructions from the judge "to preach an anti-LSD warning to teenagers" it was a little too much for the Haight-Ashbury set. Kesey, after all, was the man who had turned on the Hell's Angels.

That was when the novelist was living in La Honda, a small community in the Skyline mountain range overgrown with trees and, after Kesey invited the Hell's Angels to several house parties, overgrown with sheriff's deputies. It was in this Sherwood Forest setting, after he had finished his second novel with LSD as his co-pilot, that Kesey inaugurated his band of Merry Pranksters (they have an official seal from the State of California incorporating them as "Intrepid Trips, Inc."), painted the school bus in glow sock colors, announced he would write no more ("Rather than write, I will ride buses, study the insides of jails, and see what goes on"), and set up fun-time housekeeping on a full-time basis with the Pranksters, his wife and their three small children (one confounding thing about Kesey is the amorphous quality of the personal relationships in his entourage—the several attractive women don't seem, from the outside, to belong to any particular man; children are loved enough, but seem to be held in common).

When the Hell's Angels rumbled by, Kesey welcomed them with LSD. "We're in the same business. You break people's bones, I break people's heads," he told them. The Angels seem to like the whole acid thing, because today they are a fairly constant act in the Haight-Ashbury show, while Kesey has abdicated his role as Scoutmaster to fledgling acid heads and exiled himself across the Bay. This self-imposed Elba came about when Kesey sensed that the hippie community had soured on him. He had committed the one mortal sin in the hippie ethic: *telling* people what to do. "Get into a responsibility bag," he urged some 400 friends attending a private Halloween party. Kesey hasn't been seen much in the Haight-Ashbury since that night, and though the Diggers did succeed in getting him to attend the weekend discussion, it is doubtful they will succeed in getting the novelist involved in any serious effort to shape the Haight-Ashbury future. At 31, Ken Kesey is a hippie has-been.

[KEN KESEY—III]

The Acid Tests—From Unitarians to Watts

KESEY IS NOW a self-sufficient but lonely figure—if you can be lonely with dozens of Merry Pranksters running around your house all day. If he ever gets maudlin, which is doubtful, he can look back fondly on his hippie memories, which are definitely in the wow! category, because Ken Kesey

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did for acid roughly what Johnny Appleseed did for trees, and probably more.

He did it through a unique and short-lived American institution called the Acid Test. A lot of things happened at an Acid Test, but the main thing was that, in the Haight-Ashbury vernacular, everyone in the audience got zonked out of their minds on LSD. LSD in Pepsi. LSD in coffee. LSD in cake. LSD in the community punch. Most people were generally surprised, because they didn't know they were getting any LSD until it was too late. Later, when word got around that this sort of mad thing was happening at Acid Tests, Kesey sometimes didn't give out LSD on purpose, just so people wouldn't know whether they did or did not have LSD. Another game.

The Acid Tests began calmly enough. In the early versions Kesey merely gave a heart-to-heart psychedelic talk and handed LSD around like the Eucharist, which first happened at a Unitarian conference in Big Sur in August of 1965. He repeated this ritual several times, at private gatherings in his home in La Honda, on college campuses, and once at a Vietnam Day Committee rally at Berkeley. Then Kesey added the Grateful Dead, a pioneer San Francisco rock group, to his Acid Tests and, the cherry on the matzos, the light show atmospheric technique of projecting slides and wild colors on the walls during rock dances. This combination he called "trips." Trip is the word for an LSD experience, but in Kesey's lexicon it also meant kicks, which were achieved by rapidly changing the audience's sensory environment what seemed like approximately ten million times during an evening by manipulating bright colored lights, tape recorders, slide projectors, weird sound machines, and whatever else may be found in the electronic sink, while the participants danced under stroboscopic lights to a wild rock band or just played around on the floor.

It was a fulgurous, electronically orgiastic thing (the most advanced Tests had closed circuit television sets on the dance floor so you could see what you were doing), which made psychedelics very "fun" indeed, and the hippies came in droves. Almost every hippie in the Bay Area went to at least one Acid Test, and it is not exceeding the bounds of reasonable speculation to say that Kesey may have turned on at least 10,000 people to LSD during the 24 presentations of the Acid Test. (During these Tests the Merry Pranksters painted everything including themselves in fluorescent tones, and bright colors became the permanent in-thing in psychedelic dress.)

Turning so many unsuspecting people on to LSD at once could be dangerous, as the Pranksters discovered on a 1965 psychedelic road show when they staged the ill-fated Watts Acid Test. Many of the leading citizens of Watts came to the show, which was all very fine except that whoever put the LSD in the free punch that was passed around put in too much by a factor of about four. This served to make for a very wild Acid Test, and one or two participants "freaked out" and had a very hard time of it for the next few days.

After the California legislature played Prohibition and outlawed LSD on October 6, 1966, Kesey wound up the Acid Test syndrome with what was billed as a huge "Trips Festival" in San Francisco. People who regularly turn on say the Trips Festival was a bore: it embodied all the Acid Test elements except acid and, happily for the coffers of Intrepid Trips, Inc., attracted a huge crowd of newspapermen, narcotics agents and other squares, but very few hippies. The Merry Pranksters slyly passed out plain sugar cubes for the benefit of the undercover agents.

Suddenly San Francisco, which for a grown-up city gets excited very easily, was talking about almost nothing but "trips" and LSD. Hippies, like overnight, had become fashionable.

If you are inclined to give thanks for this sort of thing, they go to the bad boy wonder of Psychedelphia, disappearing there over the horizon in his wayward bus.

[HISTORIAN CHESTER ANDERSON—I]

The Ghosts of Scenes Past, or
How We got Here from There

LIKE FREDERICK J. TURNER and Arnold Toynbee, Chester Anderson has a theory of history. His theory is psychedelic, but that is perfectly natural since he is a veteran acid head. Anderson, a 35-year-old professional bohemian who looks 45, considers himself the unofficial historian of the psychedelic movement and has amassed enough footnotes to argue somewhat convincingly that the past 15 years of social change in the United States—all the underground movements, and a significant part of the cultural changes—have been intimately connected with drugs.

If he is going to press his argument all the way, he may have to punch it out with Marshall McLuhan, who no doubt would assert that such phenomena as hippie colonies are nothing but a return to "tribal" culture, an inevitable reaction to our electronic age. And any social historian worth his salt will put it that every society has found some way to allow the sons and daughters of its middle class to drop out and cut up (most hippies by the way, are from middle class stock, so what's the difference from, say, the Teddy Boys?) Maybe lots, maybe none. But there is no disputing the cultural and artistic flip-flops this country has gone through in the last decade. The jazz musicians' vogue meant something. So did the Beat Generation. So, we suppose, did Pop Art, and Rock and

—Text continued on page 17

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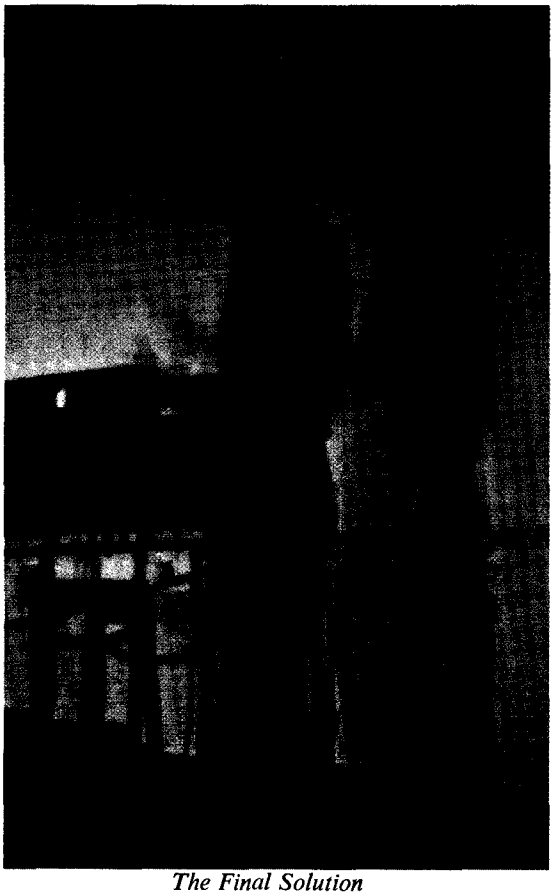
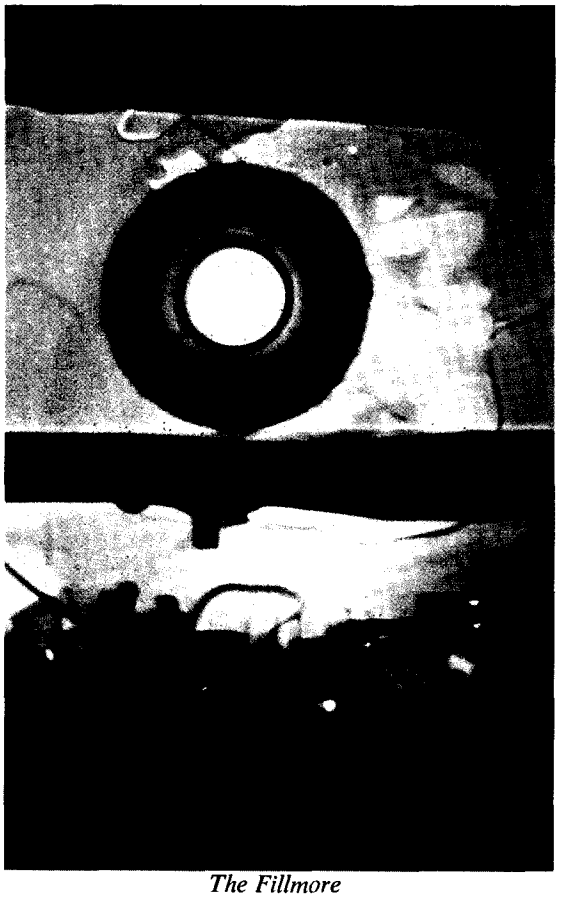
The Mothers of Invention



The Final Solution



The Fillmore

Photography by Susan Elting

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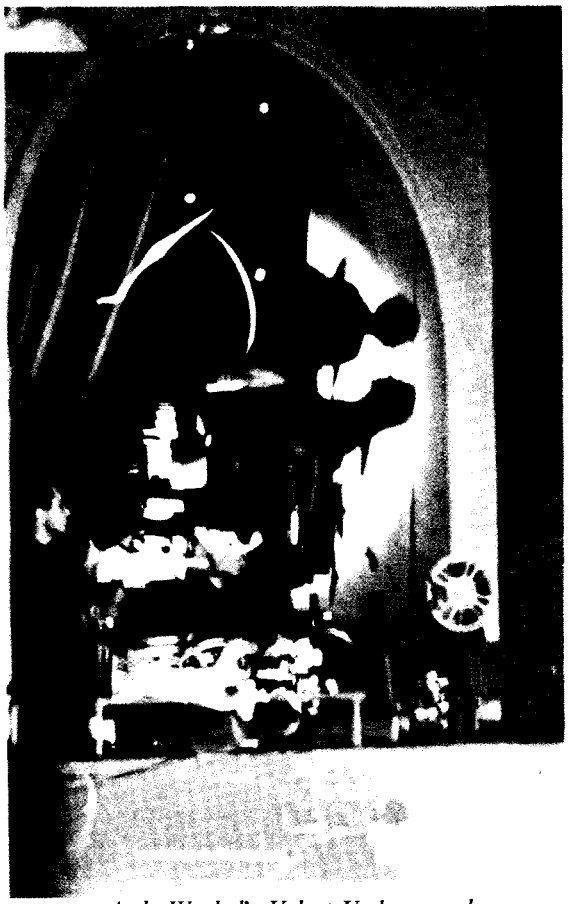
The Quicksilver Messenger Service



Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground

Pig Pen/The Grateful Dead

Photography by Susan Elting

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Light Show

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The Fillmore Auditorium

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—*Text continued from Page 12*

Roll, and so, of course, the hippies. If, in briefly tracing the derivation of the hippies from their seminal reasons in the intellectual uneasiness of the early 1950's, we chance to favor the testimony of Chester Anderson, it is only because he was there.

That was some bad year, 1953. There was a war on in Korea, a confusing, undefined war, the first big American war that wasn't the one to end all wars, because the aftermath of World War II had blown that phobia. And now the Bomb was with us, and with it the staccato series of disturbing headline events that stood for the Cold War; college was the only escape from the draft, but eggheads were becoming unpopular; Stevenson had lost the election and the Rosenbergs had been executed. It was all gloom, gloom, and dullsville, and if you were young and intellectual you were hard-pressed to find a hero or even a beautiful person. The only really alive, free thing, it seemed, was jazz—and the arrival of the long playing record had sparked a jazz renaissance, and with it the first drug heroes: most kids sympathized with Gene Krupa's marijuana busts, the agony of Lady Day's junk hangup was universal, and Charlie Parker had his own drugstore.

Lady Day's way wasn't the way of the new generation, Chester Anderson will be quick to tell you, because she was on "body" drugs. Whatever else body drugs—heroin, opium, barbiturates, alcohol, tranquilizers—may do, they eventually turn you off, and contemporary heads like to be turned on—i.e., senses intensified, stimulated rather than depressed. "Head" drugs, which do the latter, are both cheaper and easier to get than body drugs, and come in approximately 18 varieties in three different classifications—natural drugs like marijuana, hashish, peyote, morning glory seeds, Hawaiian wood rose seeds, and certain types of Mexican mushrooms; artificial psychedelics like mescaline, LSD, psilocybin and psilocin, and whatever the ingredient is that makes Romilar cough syrup so popular with young heads; and synthetic stimulants which, used in large doses by heads, are known as "speed"—dexedrine, benzedrine and methedrine.

But in the early 1950's there wasn't such a complete psychedelic medicine shelf to choose from, and the culturally disenchanted pioneers who began to settle new colonies in New York's Village and San Francisco's North Beach had to make do with pot. In a climate dominated by Dwight Eisenhower in the newspapers and Ed Sullivan on television, they also began to turn on to the pacifist, humanist philosophies of Asia—particularly Buddhism, most especially Zen—while Christianity as a workable concept became more meaningless, despite the exemplary efforts of such men as Brother Antoninus and Thomas Merton. American churchmen seemed to have neither the patience nor the fortitude to deal with people who were, well, *unsettled.* Folk music, which had been slowly dying, perked up a little, and there was a new interest in fresh, tuned-in poetry. As the '50s approached middle age and McCarthy went on the rampage, the few signs of life in a stagnant society centered around the disoriented peace movement, the fledgling civil rights movement, the young political left, jazz and folk music, poetry and Zen. Most of these followers were, of course, taking pot, while the rest of the country remained on booze and sleeping pills.

(If, in memory of the 85th anniversary of Anthony Trollope's death, we may be permitted an aside to the reader, it would be to say that one of the things that is considered original, but is in fact not, about the hippies is the concept of "dropping out" of society. Without adopting the histrionics of Hogarth crusading against the masses drinking gin, it is true that alcohol is an opiate which serves to help tens of millions of busy businessmen and lethargic housewives to "drop out" of any essential involvement in life and remain political and artistic boors. But alcohol is legal so nobody cares. If pot and LSD were ever legalized, it would be a mortal blow to this bohemia. Hippies have a political posture essentially because of the enforced criminality of their daily dose, and if taking LSD meant no more in society than the commuter slugging down his seventh martini, the conspiratorial magic would go out of the movement.)

MEANWHILE, IN SAN FRANCISCO, Allen Ginsberg remembers an evening in 1955 which could stand as well as any for the starting point of what was to become the most thorough repudiation of America's middlebrow culture since the expatriates walked out on the country in the 1930's. The vanguard of what was to be the Beat Generation had gathered at the 6 Gallery on Fillmore Street for a poetry reading moderated by Kenneth Rexroth, a respectable leftish intellectual who was later to become the Public Defender of the Beats. Lawrence Ferlinghetti was in the audience, and so were Kerouac and his then sidekick, Neal Cassady, listening to Michael McClure, Phil Lamantia, Gary Snyder and Philip Whalen read their poetry. Ginsberg was there too, and delighted everyone with a section of the still unfinished "Howl," better known to Beats as the Declaration of Independence.

Two distinct strains in the underground movement of the '50s were represented at this salient gathering. One was a distinctly fascist trend, embodied in Kerouac, which can be recognized by a totalitarian insistence on action and nihilism, and usually accompanied by a Superman concept. This strain runs, deeper and less silent, through the hippie scene today. It is into this fascist bag that you can put Kesey and his friends, the Hell's Angels, and, in

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a more subtle way, Dr. Timothy Leary.

The other, majority, side of the Beats was a cultural reaction to the existential brinkmanship forced on them by the Cold War, and a lively attack on the concurrent rhetoric of complacency and self-satisfaction that pervaded the literary establishment all the way from the Atlantic Monthly to Lionel Trilling. Led by men like Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti, the early Beats weighed America by its words and deeds, and found it pennyweight. They took upon themselves the role of conscience for the machine. They rejected all values and when, in attempting to carve a new creative force, they told America to "go fuck itself," America reacted, predictably, with an obscenity trial.

The early distant warnings of the drug-based culture that would dominate the Haight-Ashbury a decade later were there in the early days of North Beach. Marijuana was as popular as Coke at a Baptist wedding, and the available hallucinogens—peyote and mescaline—were part of the Beat rebellion. Gary Snyder, poet, mountain climber, formal Yamabushi Buddhist, and a highly respected leader of the hippie scene today, first experimented with peyote while living with the Indian tribe of the same name in 1948; Ginsberg first took it in New York in 1951; Lamantia, Kerouac and Cassady were turned on by Beat impresario Hymie D'Angolo at his Big Sur retreat in 1952. And Beat parties, whether they served peyote, marijuana or near beer, were rituals, community sacraments, setting the format for contemporary hippie rituals.

But the psychedelic community didn't really begin to flourish until late 1957 and 1958 in New York, and for that story we take you to Chester Anderson in the Village.

[HISTORIAN CHESTER ANDERSON—II]

Was the Kingston Trio Really Red Guards?

ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1957, Chester Anderson was turned on to grass by a bongo-playing superhippie who went by the code name of Mr. Sulks. Grass, if you don't know and don't have an underground glossary handy, is translated marijuana, and from that day forward, Anderson, who once studied music at the University of Miami so he could write string quartets like Brahms, became a professional Turn-On and migrated with bohemia, east to west to east to west, from the Village to North Beach back to the Village to the Haight-Ashbury, where he can be found today—a prototype of the older psychedelic type who mixes with the drifting, turning on kids to form the central nervous system of any body of hippies.

The first psychedelic drug to reach the Village in any quantity was peyote, an obscure hallucinatory cactus bud used by Indians in religious ceremonies. Peyote was cheap and plentiful (it can still be ordered by mail from Laredo at $10 for 100 "buttons") and became highly touted—Havelock Ellis and Aldous Huxley recommended it. The only problem with peyote was that it tasted absolutely terrible, and, as peyote cults sprang up, peyote cookbooks came out with recipes for preparing the awful stuff in ways that would kill the taste. "Man," Chester recalls a head telling him at the time, "if I thought it'd get me high, I'd eat shit." As with most new head drugs, the taking of peyote was treated as a quasi-religious event. The first time Chester took it, he did so with great ritual before a statue of the Buddha.

Peyote was the thing in late 1957, and by the summer of 1958 mescaline, the first synthetic psychedelic, was widely distributed. The heads reacted like unwed mothers being handed birth control pills—they were no longer dependent on nature. Turn-ons could be *manufactured!*

According to Chester's files, LSD didn't arrive in any large, consumer-intended supply in the Village until the winter of 1961-62, and not in the Bay Area until the summer of 1964, but by that time something unusual had happened to America's psychedelic gypsies: they had become formal enemies of the State. Massive harassment by the cops in San Francisco, by the coffeehouse license inspectors in New York, had led the heads and the young middle class types who came in caravan proportions, to test the no-more-teachers, no-more-books way of bohemian life, to view the Establishment as the bad guy who would crush their individuality and spirituality in any way he could. This is the derivation of whatever political posture the hippies have today. It will be significant, of course, only if the Haight-Ashbury scene doesn't go the way of the Beat Generation—assimilated by a kick-hungry society. For the serious, literary Beats, it was all over but the shouting when the Co-existence Bagel Shop became a stop on sightseeing tours.

In 1962, the Village was pulsating with psychedelic evangelism. LSD was so cheap and so plentiful that it became a big thing among heads to turn on new people as fast as they could give LSD away.

Pot, also, was being used more widely than ever by middle class adults, and spread from the urban bohemias to the hinterlands by small folk music circles that were to be found everywhere from Jacksonville, Florida, to Wausau, Wisconsin. At the same time, almost the entire Village was treating LSD like it was a selection on a free lunch counter, and a scruffy folknik called Bobby Dylan was beginning to play charitable guest sets in the Washington Square coffeehouses. "Things," Chester said, "were happening more rapidly than we knew."

What was happening, Mr. Jones, was that folk music, under the influence of early acid culture, was giving way to rock and roll. Rock spread the hippie way of life like a

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psychedelic plague, and it metamorphosed in such rapid fashion from the popularity of folk music, that a very suspicious person might ask if seemingly safe groups like the Kingston Trio were not, in fact, the Red Guards of the hippie cultural revolution.

There was a rock and roll before, of course, but it was all bad seed. The likes of Frankie Avalon, Fabian and Elvis Presley sent good rock and roll musicians running to folk music. Then absolutely the world's greatest musical blitz fell and the Beatles landed, everywhere, all at once. The impact of their popular music was analogous to the Industrial Revolution on the 19th century. They brought music out of the juke box and into the street. The Beatles' ecstatic, alive, electric sound had a total sensory impact, and was inescapably participational. It was "psychedelic music." "The Beatles are a trip," Chester said. Whether the Beatles or Dylan or the Rolling Stones actually came to their style through psychedelic involvement (Kenneth Tynan says a recent Beatles song "Tomorrow Never Knows" is "the best musical evocation of LSD I've ever heard") is not as important as the fact that their songs reflect LSD values—love, life, getting along with other people, and that this type of involving, turn-on music galvanized the entire hippie underground into overt, brassy existence—particularly in San Francisco.

Drug song lyrics may, in fact, be the entire literary output of the hippie generation. The hippies' general disregard for anything as static as a book is a fact over which Chester Anderson and Marshall McLuhan can shake hands. For acid heads are, in McLuhan's phrase, "post-literate." Hippies do not share our written, linear society —they like textures better than surfaces, prefer the electronic to the mechanical, like group, tribal activities. Theirs is an ecstatic, do-it-now culture, and rock and roll is their art form.

[THE MERCHANT PRINCES—1]

Dr. Leary—Pretender to the Hippie Throne

THE SUIT WAS BROOKS BROTHERS '59, and the paisley tie J. Press contemporary, but the bone-carved Egyptian mandala hanging around his neck, unless it was made in occupied Japan, had to be at least 2000 years old. Dr. Timothy Leary, B.A. University of Alabama, PhD University of California, LSD Cuernavaca and 86'd Harvard College, was dressed up for a night on the town, but as his devotees say of this tireless proselytizer of the psychedelic cause, it was work, work, work. Tonight Leary was scouting somebody else's act, a Swami's at that, who was turning on the hippies at the Avalon Ballroom by leading them in an hour-long Hindu chant without stopping much for breath. The Avalon is one of the two great, drafty ballrooms where San Francisco hippies, hippie-hangers-on and young hippies-to-be congregate each weekend to participate in the psychedelic rock and light shows that are now as much a part of San Francisco as cable cars and a lot noisier.

This dance was a benefit for the new Swami, recently installed in a Haight-Ashbury storefront, with a fair passage sign from Allen Ginsberg whom he had bumped into in India. The hippies were turning out to see just what the Swami's *schtick* was, but Dr. Leary had a different purpose. He has a vested, professional interest in turning people on, and here was this Swami, trying to do it with just a chant, like it was natural childbirth or something.

The word professional is not used lightly. There is a large group of professionals making it by servicing and stimulating the hippie world—in the spirit of the Haight-Ashbury we should refer to these men as merchant princes —and Timothy Leary is the pretender to the throne.

Dr. Leary claims to have launched the first indigenous religion in America. That may very well be, though as a religious leader he is Aimee Semple McPherson in drag. Dr. Leary, who identifies himself as a "prophet," recently played the Bay Area in his LSD road show, where he sold $4 seats to lots of squares but few hippies (Dr. Leary's pitch is to the straight world), showed a technicolor movie billed as simulating an LSD experience (it was big on close-ups of enlarged blood vessels), burned incense, dressed like a holy man in white cotton pajamas, and told everybody to "turn on, tune in, and drop out."

In case you are inclined to make light of this philosophic advice you should not laugh out loud. Because Dr. Leary is serious about his work, he can not be dismissed as a cross between a white Father Divine and Nietzsche, no matter how tempting the analogy. He has made a substantial historical contribution to the psychedelic scene, although his arrest records may figure more prominently than his philosophy in future hippie histories.

Since, something like Eve, he first bit into the sacred psychedelic mushroom while lounging beside a swimming pool in Cuernavaca, he has been hounded by the consequences of his act. Since Dr. Leary discovered LSD, he has been booted out of Harvard for experimenting a little too widely with it among the undergraduate population, asked to leave several foreign countries for roughly the same reasons, and is now comfortably if temporarily ensconced in a turned-on billionaire friend's estate near Poughkeepsie, New York, while awaiting judicial determination of a 30-year prison sentence for transporting a half-ounce of marijuana across the Rio Grande without paying the Texas marijuana tax, which has not been enforced since the time of the Lone Ranger.

If he were asked to contribute to the "L" volume of the

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World Book Encyclopedia, Dr. Leary would no doubt sum up his work as "having turned on American culture," though his actual accomplishments are somewhat more prosaic. Together with Richard Alpert, who was to Dr. Leary what Bill Moyers was to President Johnson, Leary wrote an article in May 1962 in, surprise, The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists. The article warned that in event of war, the Russians were likely to douse all our reservoirs with LSD in order to make people so complacent that they wouldn't particularly care about being invaded, and as a civil defense precaution we ought to do it ourselves first—you know, douse our own reservoirs—so that when the reds got *their* chance the country would know just what was coming off. It was back to the old drawing board after that article, but Alpert and Dr. Leary made their main contribution to the incredibly swift spread of LSD through the nation in 1964 by the simple act of publishing a formula for LSD, all that was needed by any enterprising housewife with a B-plus in high school chemistry and an inclination for black market activity. Dr. Leary's religious crusade has been a bust, convert-wise, and not so salutary financially, either, so he announced recently that he was dropping out, himself, to contemplate his navel under the influence. It would be easier to take Dr. Leary seriously if he could overcome his penchant for treating LSD as a patent snake-bite medicine.

An enlightening example of this panacea philosophy is found back among the truss ads in the September 1966 issue of Playboy. In the midst of a lengthy interview when, as happens in Playboy, the subject got around to sex, Dr. Leary was all answers. "An LSD session that does not involve an ultimate merging with a person of the opposite sex isn't really complete," he said, a facet of the drug he neglected to mention to the Methodist ladies he was attempting to turn on in Stockton, California. But this time, Dr. Leary was out to turn on the Playboy audience.

The following selection from the interview is reprinted in its entirety. Italics are Playboy's.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that some women who ordinarily have difficulty achieving orgasm find themselves capable of multiple orgasms under LSD. Is that true?

LEARY: In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman will inevitably have several hundred orgasms.

PLAYBOY: Several *hundred?*

LEARY: Yes. Several hundred.

After recovering from that intelligence, the Playboy interviewer, phrasing the question as diplomatically as possible, asked Dr. Leary if he got much, being such a handsome LSD turn-on figure. Dr. Leary allowed that women were always falling over him, but responded with the decorum of Pope Paul being translated from the Latin: "Any charismatic person who is conscious of his own mythic potency awakens this basic hunger in women and pays reverence to it at the level that is harmonious and appropriate at the time."

Dr. Leary also said that LSD is a "specific *cure* for homosexuality."

The final measurement of the tilt of Dr. Leary's windmill, his no doubt earnest claim to be the prophet of this generation, must be made by weighing such recorded conversations against his frequent and urgent pleas to young people to "drop out of politics, protest, petitions and pickets" and join his "new religion" where, as he said recently:

"You have to be out of your mind to pray."

Perhaps, and quite probably so.

[THE MERCHANT PRINCES—II]

Where Dun & Bradstreet Fears to Tread

ALLEN GINSBERG asked 10,000 people to turn towards the sea and chant with him. They all did just that, and then picked up the papers and miscellaneous droppings on the turf of Golden Gate Park's Polo Field and went contentedly home. This was the end of the first Human Be-In, a gargantuan hippie happening held only for the joy of it in mid-January. The hippie tribes gathered under clear skies with rock bands, incense, chimes, flutes, feathers, candles, banners and drums. Even the Hell's Angels were on their good behavior—announcing that they would guard the sound truck against unspecified evil forces. It was all so successful that the organizers are talking about another be-in this summer to be held at the bottom of the Grand Canyon with maybe 200,000 hippies being-in.

The local papers didn't quite know how to treat this one, except for the San Francisco Chronicle's ace society editor Frances Moffat, who ran through the crowd picking out local socialites and taking notes on the fashions.

Mrs. Moffat's intense interest reflects the very in, very marketable character of San Francisco Hippiedom. Relatively high-priced mod clothing and trinket stores are as common in the Haight-Ashbury as pissoirs used to be in Paris. They are run by hippie merchants mostly for square customers, but that doesn't mean that the hippies themselves aren't brand name conscious. Professing a distaste for competitive society, hippies are, contradictorily, frantic consumers. Unlike the Beats, they do not disdain money. Indeed, when they have it, which with many is often, they use it to buy something pretty or pleasureful. You will find only the best hi-fi sets in hippie flats.

In this commercial sense, the hippies have not only accepted assimilation (the Beats fought it, and lost), they have swallowed it whole. The hippie culture is in many

Text continued on Page 24

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The Human Be-In

[JANUARY 4, 1967]

Photography by Gerhard Gscheidle

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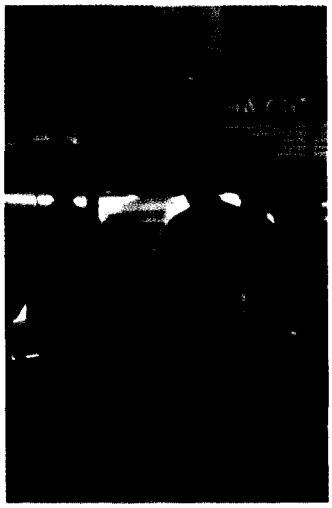
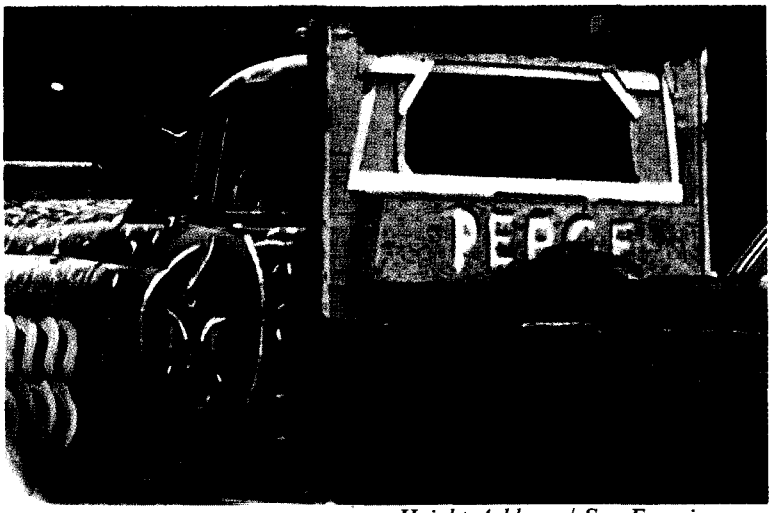
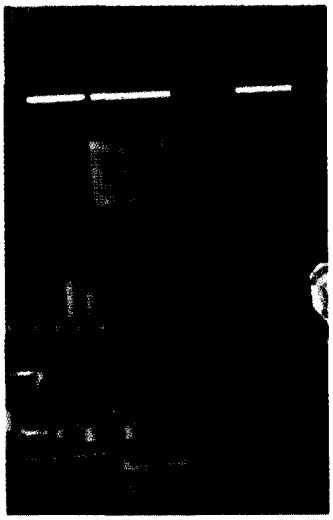
The Scenes





Haight-Ashbury / San Francisco



Telegraph Avenue / Berkeley

Photography by Jim Lakiotes

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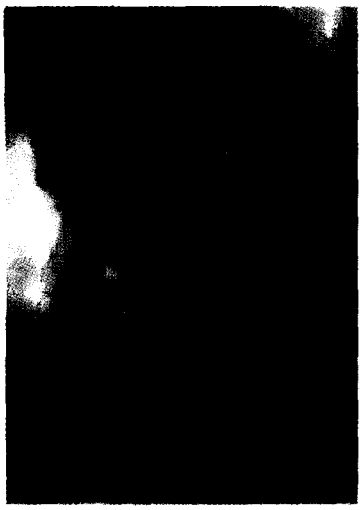

Photography by Gerhard Gscheidle

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—*Text continued from Page 20*

ways a prototype of the most ephemeral aspects of the larger American society; if the people looking in from the suburbs want change, clothes, fun, and some lightheadedness from the new gypsies, the hippies are delivering—and some of them are becoming rich hippies because of it.

The biggest Robber Baron is dance promoter Bill Graham, a Jewish boy from New York who made it big in San Francisco by cornering the hippie bread and circuses concession. His weekend combination rock and roll dances and light shows at the cavernous, creaky old Fillmore Auditorium on the main street of San Francisco's Negro ghetto are jammed every night. Even Andy Warhol played the Fillmore. Although Graham is happy providing these weekend spiritual experiences, he's not trying to be a leader. "I don't want to make cadres, just money," he said. Graham's cross-town competitor is Chet Helms, a rimless-glasses variety hippie from Texas who has turned the pioneer, non-profit San Francisco rock group called The Family Dog, into a very profit-making enterprise at the Avalon Ballroom.

A side-product of the light show dances, and probably the only other permanent manifestation of hippie culture to date, is the revival in a gangbusters way of Art Nouveau poster art. Wes Wilson, who letters his posters in 18, 24 and 36 point Illegible (see page 5), originated the basic style in posters for the Fillmore dances. Graham found he could make as much money selling posters as dance tickets, so he is now in the poster business, too.

The posters, at $1 apiece, as common as window shades in the Haight-Ashbury, demand total involvement from the reader, and are thus considered psychedelic manifestations of the existential, non-verbal character of hippie culture. What's it all about? A shy, bush-bearded and very nice little postermaker named Mouse!, when asked his definition of hippie art, replied:

Haight Street, the Fifth Avenue of Hippiedom, is geographically parallel to Golden Gate Park but several blocks uphill, where rows of half vacant store fronts once indicated the gradual decline of a middle class neighborhood. But all that changed, dramatically, during the past 18 months. Haight Street now looks like the Metropolitan Opera Company backstage on the opening night of Aida. The stores are all occupied, but with mercantile ventures that might give Dun & Bradstreet cause to wonder. Threaded among the older meat markets, discount furniture stores, laundromats and proletarian bars are a variety of leather goods shops, art galleries, mod clothing stores and boutiques specializing in psychedelic paraphernalia like beads, prisms and marijuana pipes, and of course there is the Psychedelic Shop itself.

The Psychedelic Shop is treated as a hippie landmark of sorts, but the Haight-Ashbury scene was percolating long before the Thelin brothers, Ron and Jay, stuffed a disconcertingly modern glass and steel store front full of amulets, psychedelic books, a large stock of the underground press and some effete gadgetry for acid heads. The hippie phenomena began to metamorphose from a personal to a social happening around the fall of 1965 after the kids at Berkeley turned on to LSD, Ken Kesey started holding Acid Tests, and The Family Dog staged its first dance.

Instrumental in spreading the word was the Chronicle's highly regarded jazz critic, Ralph J. Gleason. Gleason is read religiously by hippies. Besides explaining to his square readers what is happening, he is also the unofficial arbitrator of good taste in the Haight-Ashbury community. Gleason was quick to tell Ken Kesey, in print, when he was out of line, and did the same for Dr. Leary. Gleason's writings tuned in other members of the Chronicle staff, and the extensive, often headline publicity the newspaper gave to the hippie scene (Kesey's return from a self-imposed Mexican exile was treated with the seriousness of a reasonably large earthquake) helped escalate the Haight-Ashbury population explosion.

So there is plenty of business for the hippie merchants, but some of them, like the Thelin brothers, are beginning to wonder where it will all lead. At the prodding of The Diggers, the Thelins are considering making the store a non-profit cooperative that will help "the kids get high and stay high" at low cost. They may also take the same steps with The Oracle, the Haight-Ashbury monthly tabloid. The majority of the hip merchants, however, are very comfortable with the ascending publicity and sales, and have as little vision of what they are helping create than did Alexander Bell when he spilled acid on himself.

If you have any doubts left about the thoroughly successful commercialization of the entire hippie scene, you should look at the comic pages between Dick Tracy and

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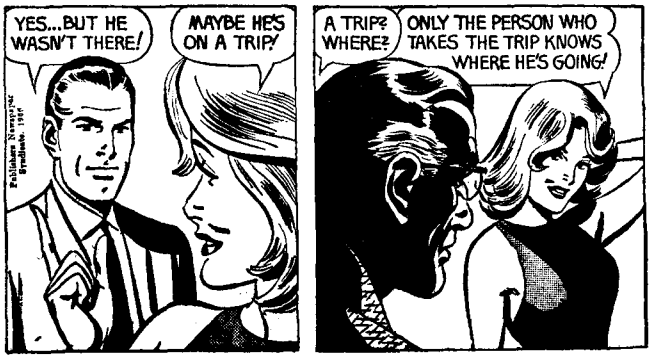
L'il Abner, where a few weeks back there was this, well, episode, in the comic strip called Rex Morgan, M.D.:



Unless most parents sent their children to bed before they got to the comics that week, everybody now knows all about trips. This just goes to prove that somewhere in the wild, psychedelic world there's a buck to be made.

[EMMETT GROGAN—1]

Will the Real Frodo Baggins Please Stand Up?

EXCEPT FOR THE OBVIOUS fact that he wasn't covered with fur, you would have said to yourself that for sure there was old Frodo Baggins, crossing Haight Street. Frodo Baggins is the hero of the English antiquarian J.R.R. Tolkien's classic trilogy, *Lord of the Rings*, absolutely the favorite book of every hippie, about a race of little people called Hobbits who live somewhere in pre-history in a place called Middle Earth. Hobbits are hedonistic, happy little fellows who love beauty and pretty colors. Hobbits have their own scene and resent intrusion, pass the time eating three or four meals a day and smoke burning leaves of herb in pipes of clay. You can see why hippies would like Hobbits.

The hustling, heroic-looking fellow with the mistaken identity was Emmett Grogan, kingpin of The Diggers and the closest thing the hippies in the Haight-Ashbury have to a real live hero. Grogan, 23, with blond, unruly hair and a fair, freckled Irish face, has the aquiline nose of a leader, but he would prefer to say that he "just presents alternatives." He is in and out of jail 17 times a week, sometimes busted for smashing a cop in the nose (Grogan has a very intolerant attitude toward policemen), sometimes bailing out a friend, and sometimes, like Monopoly, just visiting. The alternatives he presents are rather disturbing to the hippie bourgeoisie, since he thinks they have no business charging hippies money for their daily needs and should have the decency to give things away free, like The Diggers do, or at least charge the squares and help out the hippies.

Grogan has a very clear view of what freedom means in society ("Why can't I stand on the corner and wait for nobody? Why can't everyone?") and an even clearer view of the social position of the hippie merchants ("They just want to expand their sales, they don't care what happens to people here; they're nothing but goddamn shopkeepers with beards.")

Everyone is a little afraid of Grogan in the Haight-Ashbury, including the cops. A one-man crusade for purity of purpose, he is the conscience of the hippie community. He is also a bit of a daredevil and a madman, and could easily pass for McMurphy, the roguish hero in Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. There is a bit of J. P. Donleavy's *Ginger Man* in him, too.

A few weeks ago, out collecting supplies for The Diggers' daily free feed, Grogan went into a San Francisco wholesale butcher and asked for soup bones and meat scraps. "No free food here, we work for what we eat," said the head butcher, a tattooed Bulgar named Louie, who was in the icebox flanked by his seven assistant butchers. "You're a fascist pig and a coward," replied Grogan, whom Louie immediately smashed in the skull with the blunt side of a carving knife. That turned out to be a mistake, because the seven assistant butchers didn't like Louie much, and all jumped him. While all those white coats were grunting and rolling in the sawdust, a bleeding Grogan crawled out with four cardboard boxes full of meat.

This was a typical day in Dogpatch for Grogan, who has had his share of knocks. A Brooklyn boy, he ran away from home at 15 and spent the next six years in Europe, working as a busboy in the Alps, and, later, studying film making in Italy under Antonioni. Grogan had naturally forgotten to register for the draft, so when he returned to the United States he was in the Army four days later. That didn't last long, however, because the first thing Grogan had to do was clean the barracks. His idea of cleaning barracks was to throw all the guns out the window, plus a few of the rusty beds, and artistically displeasing foot lockers. Then he began painting the remaining bed frames yellow. "I threw out everything that was not esthetically pleasing," he told the sergeant.

Two days later Grogan was in the psychiatric ward of Letterman Hospital in San Francisco where he stayed for six months before the authorities decided they couldn't quite afford to keep him. That was shortly after an Army doctor, learning of his film training, ordered Grogan to the photo lab for "work therapy." It was a "beautiful, tremendously equipped lab," Grogan recalls, and since it wasn't used very much, he took a picture of his own big blond face and proceeded to make 5000 prints. When the doctors caught up with him, he had some 4700 nine by twelve glossies of Emmett Grogan neatly stacked on the floor, and all lab machines: driers, enlargers, devel-

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opers were going like mad, and the water was running over on the floor. "What did you do *that* for?" a doctor screamed.

Grogan shrugged. "I'm crazy," he said.

He was released a little later, and acted for a while with the San Francisco Mime Troupe, the city's original and brilliant radical theatre ensemble. Then last fall, when the Negro riots broke out in San Francisco and the National Guard put a curfew on the Haight-Ashbury, the Diggers happened. "Everybody was trying to figure how to react to the curfew. The SDS came down and said ignore it, go to jail. The merchants put up chicken posters saying 'for your own safety, get off the street.' Somehow, none of those ideas seemed right. If you had something to do on the streets, you should do it and tell the cops to go screw off. If you didn't, you might as well be inside."

Something to do, to Grogan, was to eat if you were hungry, so at 8 p.m., at the curfew witching hour, he and an actor friend named Billy Landau set up a delicious free dinner in the park, right under the cops' noses, and the hippies came and ate and have been chowing down, free, every night since. The Haight-Ashbury has never been quite the same.

[EMMETT GROGAN—II]

A Psychedelic 'Grapes of Wrath'

EVERY BOHEMIAN COMMUNITY has its inevitable coterie of visionaries who claim to know what it is all about. But The Diggers are, somehow, different. They are bent on creating a wholly cooperative subculture and, so far, they are not just hallucinating, they are doing it.

Free clothes (used) are there for whomever wants them. Free meals are served every day. Next, Grogan plans to open a smart mod clothing store on Haight Street and give the clothes away free, too (the hippie merchants accused him of "trying to undercut our prices"). He wants to start Digger farms where participants will raise their own produce. He wants to give away free acid, to eliminate junky stuff and end profiteering. He wants cooperative living to forestall inevitable rent exploitation when the Haight-Ashbury becomes chic.

Not since Brook Farm, not since the Catholic Workers, has any group in this dreadfully co-optive, consumer society been so serious about a utopian community.

If Grogan succeeds or fails in the Haight-Ashbury it will not be as important as the fact that he has tried. For he is, at least, providing the real possibility of what he calls "alternatives" in the down-the-rabbit-hole-culture of the hippies.

Grogan is very hung up on freedom. "Do your thing, be what you are, and nothing will ever bother you," he says. His heroes are the Mad Bomber of New York who blissfully blew up all kinds of things around Manhattan over 30 years because he just liked to blow things up, and poet Gary Snyder, whom he considers the "most important person in the Haight-Ashbury" because instead of sitting around sniffing incense and talking about it, he went off to Japan and became a Zen master. "He did it, man."

This is an interesting activist ethic, but it remains doubtful just what the hippies will do. Not that many, certainly, will join Grogan's utopia, because utopias, after all, have a size limit.

The New Left has been flirting with the hippies lately, even to the extent of singing "The Yellow Submarine" at a Berkeley protest rally, but it looks from here like a largely unrequited love.

The hip merchants will, of course, go on making money.

And the youngsters will continue to come to the Haight-Ashbury and do—what?

That was the question put to the hippie leaders at their Summit Meeting. They resolved their goals, but not the means, and the loud noise you heard from outside was probably Emmett Grogan pounding the table with his shoe.

The crisis of the happy hippie ethic is precisely this: it is all right to turn on, but it is not enough to drop out. Grogan sees the issue in the gap "between the radical political philosophy of Jerry Rubin and Mario Savio and psychedelic love philosophy." He, himself, is not interested in the war in Vietnam, but on the other hand he does not want to spend his days like Ferdinand sniffing pretty flowers.

This is why he is so furious at the hip merchants. "They created the myth of this utopia; now they aren't going to do anything about it." Grogan takes the evils of society very personally, and he gets very angry, almost physically sick, when a pregnant 15-year-old hippie's baby starves in her stomach, a disaster which is not untypical in the Haight-Ashbury, and which Grogan sees being repeated ten-fold this summer when upwards of 200,000 migrant teenagers and college kids come, as a psychedelic "Grapes of Wrath," to utopia in search of the heralded turn-on.

The danger in the hippie movement is more than overcrowded streets and possible hunger riots this summer. If more and more youngsters begin to share the hippie political posture of unrelenting quietism, the future of activist, serious politics is bound to be affected. The hippies have shown that it can be pleasant to drop out of the arduous task of attempting to steer a difficult, unrewarding society. But when that is done, you leave the driving to the Hell's Angels.

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THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

y Adam Hochschild

[FROM VILLAIN TO MARTYR]

When the Regents of the University of California fired U.C. President Clark Kerr, most Berkeley student radicals were as unsettled as if they'd been watching a Western in which the bad guy in the black hat suddenly sacrificed his life for the heroine.

For more than two years, the activists of the New Left held the initiative. It was their confrontations with the University administration which wrote the tumultuous history of the Berkeley campus. But suddenly the battle lines and the whole political spectrum of America's most radical campus have shifted to the right. With Kerr's dismissal, the Establishment which students once thought so monolithic split wide open.

For two years the radicals considered Kerr their archenemy: lackey of the Establishment, unfeeling architect of the impersonal "multiversity," and red-baiter of the Free Speech Movement. But now this hatred is replaced with a peculiar embarrassment, for the villain has been slain in battle by an even more sinister enemy—the administration of Ronald Reagan. And to top it off, Kerr faced defeat nobly.

Kerr's exit from the University was indeed graceful. At his eloquent final press conference, only an hour after learning he'd been fired, he accepted his fate stoically: "The president of a university takes a final examination every month. Up to now I had always passed." When he finished answering questions, reporters and photographers gave him a standing ovation.

What stirred the newsmen to rare applause was Kerr's summary of his years as president of the University of California and, before that, as chancellor of its Berkeley campus. Kerr concisely summed up the goals he had "fought for" during his 15 years in the University of California administration.

They were not radical goals, but the traditional aims of any good state university, aims the University of California has achieved better than almost all of the others: well-paid professors, a diversity of educational services, and quality education at low cost for the most students possible. They were liberal, utilitarian goals; this had been a battle between the liberal center and the right, and the right had won. Kerr represented the professionals, the career American university presidents who, though no heretics, have never liked big businessmen telling them how to run their campuses. This time the businessmen prevailed.

[MADISON AND MEDIATION]

Kerr's firing—an event which has already made him a martyr in academic circles—was the most dramatic event in the 55-year life of a man who has become one of America's most noted educators.

Kerr was connected with the University of California for most of his academic career. He made his reputation authoring monographs and articles on labor relations while still a professor at Berkeley, and continued to publish even after becoming the University's president. He also became a nationally known labor mediator, whose talents have been called on by every American President since the war.

It was in the analysis of complex power struggles between workers and management that Kerr did much of his best academic work, work that sheds a fascinating light on his later administration of the nation's largest university.

Kerr views the worker-management conflict in an almost Marxian light, or in a way at least resembling the "faction" concept of Madison in the *Federalist No. 10*. He sees a basic antagonism, a crucial conflict of interest, that "communication" between workers and managers, Muzak in the factories, and similar sugar-coating will not eliminate. This conflict of interest is inevitable. It doesn't matter how benevolent an industrial manager is, if what his workers basically want is more money.

Kerr's hardheaded appreciation of conflict of interest stood him in good stead during his years as a University of California administrator, though he failed to fully apply it at the crucial moment of his career.

[THEORIST OF MULTIVERSITY]

In 1963, with his book *The Uses of the University* (based on some lectures at Harvard), Clark Kerr became the leading Establishment theorist of the American university. At the heart of his concept of the "multiversity" was something of the same Madisonian conflict of interest which Kerr saw in the struggles between management and labor unions. He sees universities as serving diverse groups, many of them well outside the ivory tower, whose interests do not always coincide—business, labor, agriculture, the military, professors who want to do research, and students who want to be taught. Kerr stood for a thinner line between the university, business and government. Ironically, it was an extension of that idea—more government influence on his university—which eventually did him in.

Kerr's own University of California best exemplifies the multiversity: its laboratories spend roughly one quarter of a billion dollars each year of federal money to develop virtually all of America's nuclear warheads; its Division of Agricultural Sciences has often come up with academic support for the big growers' demands for bracero labor; and its forestry experts have been used by California lumber interests in their fight against the proposed Redwood National Park.

Yet Kerr is not so concerned about the "interests" of student activists who believe in radically changing the status quo. His comments on them are not so friendly: "They seek . . . to turn the university, on the Latin American or Japanese models, into a fortress from which they can sally forth with impunity to make their attacks on society."

This group, then, is one whose interests are somehow not within the realm

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of the multiversity's brokerage. That was the chink in Kerr's intellectual armor which bedevilled him at the most disastrous moment of his presidency, the Free Speech Movement of 1964.

[YEAR OF CRISIS]

The crisis began in September of that year, and shook the University to its roots. The huge sit-in in Berkeley's Sproul Hall was ended by the largest mass arrest in California history. The "silent generation" of the '50s was clearly gone forever.

Kerr's tragedy that year was that of a man whose ideology had been outstripped by history. Though in a theoretical way (he had even alluded to it in his book) he recognized that undergraduates in the country's huge, depersonalized universities were restless, he saw the Free Speech Movement as a matter of personalities, not genuine issues. Berkeley professors who talked with him were surprised by the way he seemed to assume that Mario Savio and a few other unscrupulous agitators were responsible for the whole thing.

Kerr red-baited shamelessly. At one point he was quoted as saying of the Free Speech Movement that "Forty-nine per cent of the hard core group are followers of the Castro-Mao line." Comments like that helped fuel the public hostility to the FSM, hostility which eventually caused Kerr's firing.

When 800 members of the Free Speech Movement marched into Sproul Hall on the eventful night of December 2nd-3rd, Kerr opposed Governor Edmund G. Brown's plan to send in the California Highway Patrol to arrest them. But in the end, he acquiesced. He probably had to to keep his job. University of California students have never forgiven him.

[CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY]

But the conservative members of the University's Board of Regents didn't forgive Kerr either. They thought he had vacillated too long and not been tough enough on the students. Many of them also had bitter memories of the 1950's, when Kerr took a strong liberal stand on a loyalty oath controversy that wracked the university for several years. This hostile feeling among that small and powerful group of men grew until it eventually led to Kerr's dismissal.

In their book, *The Rise of American Civilization*, Charles and Mary Beard note that "at the end of the [19th] century, the roster of American trustees of higher learning reads like a corporation directory." In California, it still does.

The Regents represent most of the state's largest businesses. Regent John Canaday is vice president of Lockheed Aircraft. Mrs. Dorothy Chandler comes from the family that owns the Los Angeles Times, the New American Library, and vast California land holdings. Mrs. Randolph Hearst's last name needs no introduction to anybody. California's lucrative oil industry is represented by oil millionaires Edwin Pauley and Samuel Mosher. The list goes on.

It is not surprising that these powerful men and women resist any attack on the status quo by rebellious students. Sometimes their basic objections come out into the open. In 1965, for example, Regent Pauley blew his top over an experimental teaching program at Berkeley run by philosophy professor Joseph Tussman. Pauley angrily complained that the professors in the program were Marxists or "if not Marxists, at least believe in the Marxist theory, or, if not that, at least disbelieve in the capitalist system." He declared: "Before I go before the Legislature to ask for funds for the University, I think I should at least have a letter from these men stating that they believe in the capitalist system."

Of course, Kerr is also for the "capitalist system" and the status quo in his own way. After all, what job depends more on the continuance of the system than that of a labor mediator? But his style is different, and more sophisticated —for he recognizes that his multiversity and the society it serves have always been stable enough to continue without jailing or expelling every protesting student.

But Kerr's sophisticated liberalism was not palatable enough for men like Pauley who like their "capitalism" straight and brash. The free enterprise mania extends even to education itself: after the right-leaning Ronald Reagan was elected California's governor last November, The New York Times reported him as complaining "that the University of California was engaging in unfair competition with private higher education." Reagan, his lieutenant governor, and the new president of the state Board of Agriculture all became ex-officio Regents of the University. That margin of three new votes made the difference, and Kerr was fired.

[TWILIGHT]

Men in para-political jobs like university presidencies usually see the pressures on them as "political" and themselves as above politics—even though a university which makes bombs for the government and gives an honorary degree to Arthur Goldberg is as political as Congress itself. But that was the way Kerr viewed it, and in the end he stuck by his liberal principles as he saw them:

"Church groups have fought over the centuries to be independent of political control. . . I think a university needs the same separation that we have of church and state—the separation of the university and the state. Rather than saying serving God and not Caesar, I would say serving truth and not political partisanship."

Thus Kerr left his multiversity. The faculty he leaves behind are deeply embittered by his firing. Many of them, infuriated also by Reagan's enthusiastic budget slashing, may eventually leave for other campuses. The New York Times headlined its editorial on Kerr's firing "Twilight of a Great University."

Kerr the administrator, like Kerr the professor, was a mediator. He believed in compromise between labor and management, and between the different factions who all had a stake in the multiversity. Yet that whole approach to education in America may now be in its twilight too.

Already in California, Kerr's dismissal and Reagan's budget cuts have helped polarize the state politically, and at this writing California professors and schoolteachers (never normally a demonstrative lot) are planning a huge protest march on Sacramento. The same polarization may be on its way nationally. Berkeley has been a weather vane before. Boards of Regents around the country may come to believe, as California's did, that radical students are a genuine threat to the status quo, and that administrators who even make a few attempts at compromise with them cannot be tolerated.

As the Vietnam war widens, American public opinion continues to be split in its deepest cleavage since the '30s. Not only did Clark Kerr become a martyr for the age where compromise in the multiversity was possible, his dismissal is a symbol of the passing of the secure Cold War period of national consensus.

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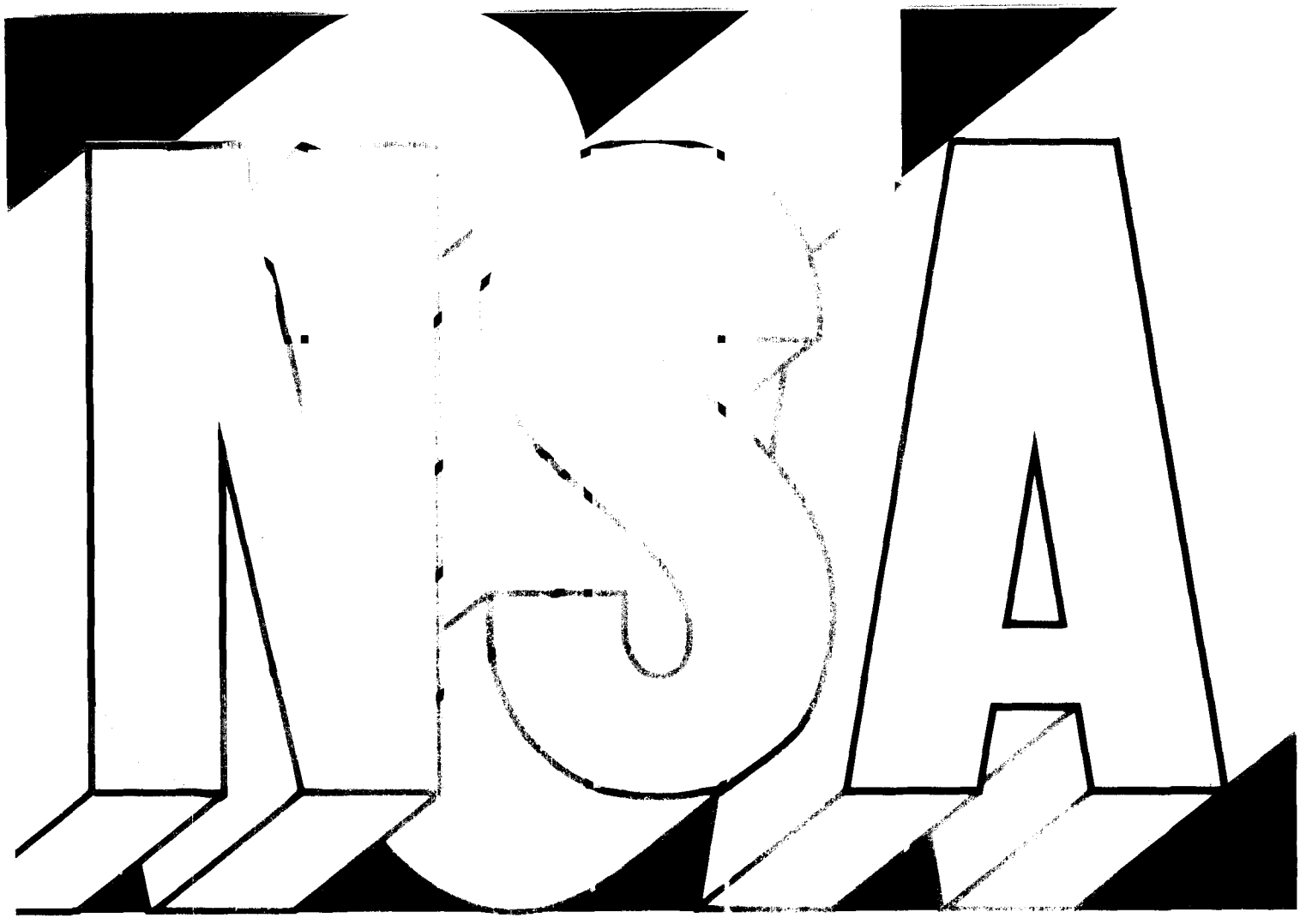

A Short Account of International Student Politics & the Cold War with Particular Reference to the NSA, CIA, Etc.

[I. SOME NECESSARY BACKGROUND]

THE CHILL OF THE COLD WAR was already in the air in August of 1946, when some 300 students from 38 countries assembled in the flag-bedecked Artists' Hall in Prague for the first World Student Congress. Among the delegates were 24 American students, many of them World War II veterans, representing various youth and student organizations and ten prominent universities. The communists were in the majority at the Congress, and disputes arose as to the proper role of international student organizations. Still, the Congress ended on an amicable note, with a call for further cooperation and the building of a truly representative international student organization—which came into existence shortly afterwards, and was named the International Union of Students (IUS). The American delegates, who came to be known as the Prague 25, returned home, fully convinced that a new, truly representative *national* organization had to be created which could fittingly represent the U.S. student community in the international student world.

Establishing themselves as an organizing committee, the Prague 25 issued a call for a national conference of student leaders to organize a new national union of students. They were remarkably successful. In the summer of 1947, a new body known as the United States National Student Association (NSA) held its Constitutional Convention in Madison, Wisconsin. By the time of this convention, the atmosphere of the IUS had become even more openly pro-communist than it had been in Prague. However, it was not until the communist coup had taken place in Czecho-

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slovakia in 1948 and the IUS had failed to condemn the communists' mishandling of Czech students that the break between NSA and IUS became official.

Finally, in 1950, NSA met in Stockholm with 18 other national student groups to form a new international student body which was ultimately called the International Student Conference (ISC). During the first meetings, the overwhelming majority of the delegates were opposed to the conception of the ISC as a "rival," set up to fight the IUS and international communism. The delegates to the first ISC wanted to avoid controversial political questions and any further schism of the international student world.

The new international organization grew quickly and impressively. By the middle '50s, over 55 national student unions were participating, more than half of which were from the underdeveloped "Third World," and the ISC had a huge budget providing for many programs of technical assistance, education and student exchanges. The ISC became the pacesetter for international student politics and NSA was on its way to becoming the most powerful force within the new international organization.

AS THE ISC GREW, the students of the underdeveloped world pressed the hardest for it to take political stands on controversial issues such as colonialism and racism. And as the "Third World" student unions started to press political issues in the ISC, it was usually the NSA delegation that played the moderating role, trying to keep the ISC focused on the problems of "students as students."

In a sense, the very growth of the ISC engendered its problems. Most student unions, originally attracted to the organization out of resentment against the strictures imposed by the IUS, became alienated from it when, partly under NSA's prodding, the ISC began to set forth its own tight Cold War positions. By the 1960's, the situation had begun to reverse itself: the IUS was making gestures for consultations that might lead to a reunification of the world student movement, while the ISC—with NSA in the lead—kept to a rigid Cold War line and put off most of these overtures.

At its peak in 1960, over 400 schools were affiliated with NSA. Its staff operations and budget grew every year. Though there was little income from the dues of its constituent members, NSA picked up financial support for its operations from a number of foundations. Most of this went entirely to NSA's international operations. NSA was able to sponsor yearly international relations seminars, foreign student leadership training projects, scholarships for foreign students, and still maintain a large travel budget for its international commission staff and its overseas representatives.

Despite the formal democracy in NSA, there was little relationship between its overseas operations and its on-campus base. NSA Congresses were massive affairs attended mostly by students sent as delegates from the student governments of NSA's member schools. They had little knowledge of NSA's year-round staff operations. International affairs and the operations of NSA's international staff were debated by a select few who could usually move the rest of the Congress on the basis of their esoteric expertise. Overseas representatives of NSA and delegates to the ISC were never elected by the NSA Congress.

NSA has always shown two faces. Its domestic programs, its Congresses and its regional meetings have always been open and spontaneous. If NSA national leaders were occasionally over-cautious, they still moved with the liberal currents of opinion among American students. In the '50s, NSA took even more liberal stands than the prevailing apathy among students might have suggested. And in the '60s, NSA responded to the new militant protest mood on the campuses. It supported students against the draft, opposed the war in Vietnam, and participated in civil rights struggles. It played a crucial role in the formation of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and was one of its staunchest supporters, a position which cost it the affiliation of many schools in 1961.

Yet NSA's overseas image has been very different. Despite its liberal rhetoric, NSA-ers abroad seemed more like professional diplomats than students; there was something tough and secretive about them that was out of keeping with their openness and spontaneity back home.

In the light of all this, it is not surprising that a number of NSA's critics have pointed a suspicious finger at its international operations. Nor is it a shock to discover that some people in the left wing of NSA, like Paul Potter, who was elected national affairs vice president in 1961 and went on to become president of Students for a Democratic Society, revealed that they had always suspected NSA's international operations of being tightly tied in with the State Department. Very few ever seriously raised the more sinister spectre of CIA involvement.

[II. SOME FANCY FINANCING]

It is widely known that the CIA has a number of foundations which serve as direct fronts or as secret "conduits" that channel money from the CIA to preferred organizations. An intimation of the scope of this financial web was afforded the public on August 31, 1964, when Texas Congressman Wright Patman, in the course of an investigation into the use of foundations for tax dodges, announced that the J. M. Kaplan Fund of New York was serving as a secret conduit for CIA funds. As soon as Patman made his announcement, representatives of the

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CIA and Internal Revenue came scurrying to his office for a hasty conference. Patman apparently was satisfied with the results. Without retracting his allegations about the Kaplan Fund he announced: ". . . The CIA does not belong in this foundation investigation."

Before bringing down the curtain of secrecy, he did, at least, reveal one fact of substance. It turned out that a number of other foundations had contributed to the Kaplan Fund during the crucial years of 1961-63 when the Fund had been serving the CIA. Five of these foundations were not even on the Internal Revenue Service's list of tax-exempt foundations. They were the Borden Trust, the Price Fund, the Edsel Fund, the Beacon Fund and the Kentfield Fund. The implication was clear that some or all of these were the channel through which the CIA money passed into the Kaplan foundation coffers.

Ramparts was provided with an unusual insight into the manner in which the CIA uses legitimate foundations with liberal interests, such as the Kaplan Fund, in a recent conversation with the president of a prominent New England foundation who asked to remain anonymous: "I didn't want my foundation dragged through the CIA mud." In 1965 he was approached by what he described as "two nice middle-aged Irish cop types who flashed CIA cards at me." The men asked the foundation president if they could look over the list of organizations that his foundation supports. He volunteered the list to them and after looking it over, the agents said that there were organizations on the list that they would also be willing to support. The CIA men explained, "We are trying to pose an alternative to communism and want to back third-force programs, which we could not do if it was known that this support comes from a government source."

The agents then proposed to support some of the organizations already on the foundation's list as well as suggesting new prospective recipients. The agents promised that if this arrangement was accepted, they would be able to channel CIA money into the foundation without it ever being traced back to the CIA. They said that they were very skilled at these manipulations.

The president, however, took the proposal directly to the board which rejected it by a vote of four to one, out of what the foundation president called "a 19th century sense of morality. We just did not like the secrecy of it."

THE CIA-SUSPECT Funds mentioned in the Patman investigation are a key to understanding part of NSA's finances. Conveniently, they are spread all over the country (Borden in Philadelphia, Price in New York, Beacon in Boston, Kentfield in Dallas and Edsel, whose last known address was in San Francisco). When a Ramparts reporter checked out the addresses officially listed by the foundations, he usually found himself in a law office where no one was willing to talk about the Funds.

Two foundations that have supported the international programs of NSA—the J. Frederick Brown Foundation and the Independence Foundation—have received regular contributions from four of these CIA-linked Funds: Price, Borden, Kentfield, and Edsel. Both the J. Frederick Brown and the Independence Foundations list the same address, 60 State Street, Boston, which is also the address of the prestigious law firm of Hale and Dorr. Paul F. Hellmuth, a well-known Boston attorney and a member of Hale and Dorr, and David B. Stone, a Boston businessman and philanthropist, are the trustees of the Independence Foundation. Hellmuth alone is the trustee of the J. Frederick Brown Foundation.

Of the two, J. Frederick Brown is less important as a source of NSA funds. It made only $3300 in contributions to NSA, in 1963. It also made contributions to the American Friends of the Middle East, among other organizations with overseas interests. In an article in the May 9, 1966 issue of The Nation, Robert G. Sherrill implied that the American Friends had CIA ties. No official of the organization denied the allegations.

As far as NSA is concerned, the Independence Foundation is the more important of Mr. Hellmuth's two interests. Independence got its tax-exempt status in 1960. Since then, most of its funds have come from other trusts and foundations. In 1962, for example, the Independence Foundation received a total of $247,000, of which only $18,500 came from individuals or corporations; all the rest came from other foundations. Of the total, the four Funds cited in the Patman investigation gave $100,000.

Between 1962 and 1965, NSA received $256,483.33 in grants for its international programs from Independence. Much of that sum went to pay for NSA's International Student Relations Seminars, yearly extravaganzas which served as effective training grounds for future NSA international leaders.

NSA is still coasting on Independence's largesse. The building which houses NSA's present headquarters is occupied under a 15-year rent-free agreement with the Independence Foundation. Originally, NSA purchased the building with a down payment and a yearly mortgage payment to be secured from Independence. But Independence suddenly changed its mind and bought the property back from NSA. Deeds on file with the clerk of the District of Columbia reveal that NSA sold the property on October 20th, 1965, to the First National Bank, but that the bank was acting as a "trustee under an undisclosed trust." The undisclosed party is Paul Hellmuth, who secured the property, and leased it to the Independ-

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ence Foundation which turned it over to NSA for the 15-year free rent agreement.

Shortly after NSA moved into its new, plush Washington offices in the fall of 1965, a reporter from the Washington Post, who was doing a feature article on NSA, asked NSA President Phil Sherburne who was paying the rent on the building. Sherburne refused to divulge this information. This secrecy in protecting the names of NSA's benefactors was not unusual. In fact, NSA has never made a full financial accounting to its own Congresses.

THE INDEPENDENCE FOUNDATION has served NSA's overseas operations in other indirect ways. It has provided a number of scholarships for former NSA officers, usually in the neighborhood of $3000 per year. The purpose of these scholarships was to enable former NSA officers to function as overseas representatives where they were free to make contacts with foreign student unions and roam as free operatives for NSA, sending back periodic reports. Ostensibly, the overseas representatives were supposed to be in overseas universities, but this was entirely pro forma.

Independence has not restricted its largesse exclusively to NSA. In the period between 1961 and 1965 it spent $180,000 in financing an interesting operation known as the Independent Research Service (IRS). This was the organization that made life so miserable for the organizers of the communist-leaning world youth festivals in Vienna in 1959, and in Helsinki in 1962. The Independent Research Service actively recruited a delegation of hundreds of young Americans to attend the festivals in order to actively oppose the communists. The travel expenses of all the delegates were fully paid for and the bill was footed as well for a jazz group, an exhibition of famous American painters and a daily newspaper printed in five languages, all of which accompanied the delegates.

Although the official position of the NSA Congress was not to participate in the youth festivals, important NSA officers and ex-officers were very active in the Independent Research Service activities in Vienna and Helsinki. The director of the IRS during the Helsinki Youth Festival was Dennis Shaul, who was elected NSA president shortly thereafter. Shaul has also been the recipient of one of the Independence Foundation's "scholarships" in 1964.

When questioned by a Ramparts reporter about some of the activities and sources of funds for his Independence Foundation, Mr. Hellmuth, a normally outgoing man, became guarded and curt. He refused to divulge the addresses or any other information about the money which had been donated to both of his foundations. However, he was quite voluble about his close friendship with the officers of NSA.

Still another foundation which has given to NSA is the Sidney and Esther Rabb Charitable Foundation of Boston. The similarities between the Rabb Foundation and the J. M. Kaplan Fund are striking. Rabb, like Kaplan, is a Jewish businessman, prominent in liberal democratic circles. The records show that up until 1963 the Rabb Foundation's only source of income was from Rabb himself. And up to that year, the Rabb Foundation's contributions were minimal and only to local charities.

Then, in 1963, two contributions to the Rabb Foundation flowed in from the Price Fund of New York—one of the Funds named in the Patman investigation, and a contributor to the J. Frederick Brown and Independence Foundations. The contributions were for $25,000 and $15,000 respectively. Strikingly, in the same year, the Rabb Foundation itself made two unusual and large contributions in precisely the same amounts—one for $25,000 to Operations and Policy Research Incorporated, a Cold War-oriented strategy organization; and $15,000 to the Fairfield Foundation. Fairfield, in its turn, has been a frequent contributor to the Congress for Cultural Freedom, previously identified in The New York Times as having received CIA funds.

During 1964, the Rabb Foundation again received unusual contributions, from three Funds, and also made three matching disbursements. It received $25,000 from the Tower Fund, and turned over the exact sum of $25,000 as a grant to the International Development Foundation which has been engaged in organizing anti-communist peasant unions in Latin America. It was particularly active in the Dominican Republic during that country's period of revolution and American intervention. The Rabb Foundation also received a $20,000 contribution from the Appalachian Fund, and during that year made a disbursement of $20,000 to the American Society of African Culture. Finally, the Rabb Foundation received $6000 from the ubiquitous Price Fund, and during the same year it turned over—would you believe—$6000 to the United States National Student Association to help retire an NSA deficit. Rabb made at least one other contribution to NSA in 1965 in the amount of $5000.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY to obtain information on the foundations which have sustained NSA's international operations. Take the San Jacinto Foundation, for example. In the past, San Jacinto has not only funded important portions of NSA's international program, but it has also given huge sums of money to the program budget of the ISC. In particular, it has been overly generous in supporting The Student, an ISC publication printed in five languages and distributed all over the world as an anti-communist weapon.

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One other interesting fact about the San Jacinto Foundation is that, like the J. Frederick Brown Foundation, it has contributed to the CIA-suspect American Friends of the Middle East. No one at NSA, or ISC for that matter, appears to have the vaguest notion of what the San Jacinto Foundation is, who is on its board of directors or where its money comes from. San Jacinto has also apparently managed to avoid the reporting procedures required by law of all tax-exempt foundations. No records for it have been entered at the district office of the Internal Revenue Service in Austin, or with the secretary of the State of Texas, or with the county clerk.

San Jacinto's mailing address is the offices of F. G. O'Conner in the San Jacinto Building in downtown Houston. Mr. O'Conner is the secretary of the foundation. When asked by Ramparts' peripatetic reporter for some information about the foundation, Mr. O'Conner, a graying, distinguished-looking man in his sixties replied, "It is a private, closed foundation, never had any publicity and doesn't want any."

As far back as anyone can remember, the mainstay of NSA's overseas operations has been the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs of New York City, founded in 1952. In contrast to the likes of Independence and San Jacinto, FYSA has a for-real office, a full-time staff and an eminently respectable board of directors.

In recent years, FYSA annually pumped hundreds of thousands of dollars per year into NSA's treasury. The figure for October 1965 to October 1966 was $292,753.60. It provided a general administrative grant of up to $120,000 per year and funded projects such as NSA's magazine, The American Student, foreign student participation at NSA Congresses, technical assistance projects; and its funds paid NSA's dues to the ISC. In addition, FYSA could be relied upon to pick up any operating deficit that NSA incurred during the year, and FYSA gives "scholarships" to ex-NSA officers for overseas study.

FYSA has also been the chief U.S. source for channeling money overseas to national unions of students favored by the NSA leadership. And FYSA has been practically the only external source of support, except for the mysterious San Jacinto Foundation, of the programs of the ISC. Between 1962-1964, ISC records show that these two foundations provided over 90 per cent of ISC's program budget (most of it from FYSA)—a gargantuan total of $1,826,000 in grants completed or in progress. The ISC would be literally impotent as an international organization without the support of FYSA, having been unable to establish any sizable alternative sources of funding.

The executive secretary of FYSA is Harry Lunn, a tall, ruddy-faced, balding man in his middle thirties, himself a past president of NSA, who used to make applications for grants to the foundation which he now directs. Lunn vehemently denied the suggestion that his foundation might be channeling CIA money for NSA, although he would not release a financial statement to this magazine.

After his presidency of NSA (1954-55) had terminated, Lunn became a member of an ISC delegation to Southeast Asia. Then, following a short stint in the Army, he went to the Department of Defense as a research analyst. From there he went on up the ladder to the political desk of the American embassy in Paris and then on up to the Agency for International Development, where he worked on the Alliance for Progress. It was from this last position that Lunn came to FYSA in 1965. Lunn also took part in the activities of the militantly anti-communist Independent Research Service at the Vienna Youth Festival in 1959, while he was attached to the Department of Defense.

Lunn's career is a case study in the intimate relationship between NSA, international student politics and the Cold War. It is living documentation of a slogan that used to hang in NSA's old Philadelphia headquarters: "The student leader of today is the student leader of tomorrow."

[III. AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSATION]

THE SCENE WAS the Sirloin and Saddle, a plush, dimly-lit, continental style restaurant on Washington, D.C.'s Connecticut Avenue. It was lunchtime, the third week of March 1966, and over a table an earnest conversation was taking place that eventually resulted in the exposure of the CIA's 15-year infiltration of the National Student Association.

There were two people there that day. One of them was Phil Sherburne, NSA president for 1965-1966. Athletic-looking, blonde, self-possessed, his NSA post was his latest stop in a meteoric career in student politics.

Sherburne's luncheon companion that eventful day was 23-year-old Michael Wood, NSA's director of development, or fund raising chief. Wood, too, had risen rapidly in student politics. He left Pomona College during his senior year to become a civil rights worker in Watts, where one of his projects had caught the eye of an NSA officer. He became an NSA consultant in the spring of 1965, and was soon promoted to the post of director of development. Besides raising money for NSA, he helped Sherburne work out new programs, and had even been consulted by the White House staff on possible Presidential proposals about the draft and the lowering of the voting age. He had received a letter from Douglass Cater, special assistant to the President, commending him for his excellent reports.

Wood was talking to Sherburne because he was troubled. He had been running into irritating roadblocks in trying to raise money for NSA. He had encountered a curious lack of concern among other members of the

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Association's international staff about the rigorous preparation usually required for foundation fund raising. The amount of money needed often ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars, yet the proposals being submitted to the foundations funding the international program were ill-prepared, perfunctory and brief. Furthermore, President Sherburne was negotiating with the foundations without Wood's participation.

After six months of this confusion, Wood told Sherburne, with whom he had grown quite close, that he either had to be given full responsibility for the fund raising program or he would have to resign. It was at this time that Sherburne invited him to a heart-to-heart lunch conference. The following is Wood's account of what transpired during this and subsequent conversations:

Sherburne began by telling Wood that NSA had "certain relationships with certain government agencies engaged in international relations" which Wood didn't know about. This, explained Sherburne, was why Wood couldn't have full responsibility for NSA's fund raising. Wood was astonished. "You mean the CIA?" he asked. Sherburne nodded yes. Sherburne then told Wood that he was supposed to have been informed of the CIA relationship after he was appointed director of development, but that other NSA staff members and CIA contacts had decided he was politically unreliable. As well as having been a civil rights worker, Wood had gained a reputation as something of a radical. Because he couldn't be told of the CIA relationship, it was necessary to keep him in the dark about certain aspects of NSA funding.

Sherburne told Wood he hoped that everything said over lunch that day would be kept secret. He was divulging the information only because he did not want Wood to leave NSA. Later he explained that he wanted a friend he could trust with whom to discuss the CIA relationship, other than staffers who were already involved.

The CIA, said Sherburne, had managed to inject itself into the Association's international operations in the early 1950's. Since that time, virtually every president and international affairs vice president of the organization had been aware of the CIA relationship and had cooperated.

Sherburne went on to say that most of the foundations that had funded NSA's international operations were merely passing along CIA money. Moreover, some of them had made up NSA's yearly deficits, and had financed the purchase and renovation of NSA's new offices in Washington. This explained the mystery surrounding the acquisition and the rent for NSA's new national offices.

Among the CIA-front foundations specifically mentioned, according to Wood, were the Independence Foundation, the San Jacinto Foundation, the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs, the Sidney and Esther Rabb Foundation, and the J. Frederick Brown Foundation. To the best of Sherburne's knowledge, CIA money did not pass through the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Asia Foundation, and other groups which had also funded NSA international programs in the past.

Sherburne presented the Agency's involvement in international student politics as a *fait accompli*; he argued that the CIA's vast supply of money was absolutely essential. Although he had serious doubts about the desirability of the relationship, he felt that NSA could not get as much money from any other source; moreover, the Agency had supported many worthwhile and liberal overseas programs. In any event, Sherburne felt that a sudden termination of the relationship would leave NSA in disastrous financial straits.

The CIA was interested almost exclusively in NSA's international programs. Over the years no staff member who worked exclusively on NSA's national program was involved in a CIA relationship, and few, if any, even knew about it. Keeping the CIA connection secret was made easier by the fact that NSA's national and international departments were in different cities from 1947-1960.

During their frequent conversations, Sherburne gave Wood a partial glossary of "black" language that was used by NSA's CIA operatives whenever they discussed the relationship in a semi-public place. They referred to the CIA as the "firm" and not the Agency; people were not described as operatives or agents but as being "witty"; those who worked inside the Agency bureaucracy were referred to as the "fellas" or the "boys." Frequently, important NSA-ers were given code names for their contacts with the Agency. Sherburne's code name was "Mr. Grants" (based on his facility for fund raising).

Sherburne told Wood that normal procedure involved a careful evaluation by former NSA international officers of international staff members for their reliability—as well as a full national security check by the CIA. If a member passed the test, he was made "witty."

The prospective "witty" staff member would usually be taken out to lunch by another already "witty" staff member, and a representative of the CIA. NSA's dealings were with Covert Action Division No. Five of the CIA's Plans Division, and the personnel they dealt with there were themselves former NSA officers. Thus, when the new officer was taken to lunch, he at first assumed that he was merely going out with another staff member and an NSA alumnus. The prospective "witty" staff member was told at lunch that there was information relating to work on the international staff which affected national security and which he should know about, but which required him to sign a national security oath. If he signed the oath, which pledged him to keep secret any information that

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was then divulged, he was then told about the CIA relationship and asked to cooperate.

The implication was clear that if the international staff member ever divulged any of the information about the relationship, there could be severe legal penalties. Thus the international officers were placed in a position in which they could not acknowledge the existence of the relationship, even to other "non-witty" NSA-ers. Sherburne made the first breach in a 15-year wall of secrecy.

The typical "witty" international staff member would first consult with an Agency representative about his overseas programs. Grants for international programs, travel allowances and expense accounts for NSA members going to overseas student conferences, would then all be supplied by CIA-front foundations.

So intimately was the CIA involved in NSA's international program, that it treated NSA as an arm of U.S. foreign policy. The point is illustrated by a story that Sherburne told Wood. At one point during his tenure in office, Sherburne was to attend the International Student Travel Conference in Istanbul. There had already been much talk in NSA circles of opening up some bilateral contact with student unions in Soviet-bloc countries. Sherburne felt his trip to Turkey would provide a good opportunity to meet with Soviet students and discuss possible student exchanges. Sherburne sent off a cable to the Soviet National Union of Students saying that he would be in Istanbul and requesting permission to travel on to Moscow for a meeting with the Soviet student organization. But the CIA got wind of Sherburne's cable and admonished him for doing such things without first consulting the Agency. A CIA agent explained to Sherburne that since KGB (the Soviet "CIA") assumed that NSA took its cues from the U.S. government, Sherburne's gesture might be interpreted as an official change in CIA policy on bilateral student contacts. Sherburne, even though he was president of the United States National Student Association, was enjoined against making such diplomatic overtures without first requesting permission from the Agency.

The Soviet Union has always spent a good deal of money working with student and youth groups, especially in underdeveloped countries. The CIA's instrument for countering Soviet efforts was NSA, working through the International Student Conference. Former "witty" NSA staffers were always in the Secretariat of the ISC.

And NSA, with the CIA's aid, was able to play a major role in cooperating with favored national unions of students all over the world. No other union of students in the Western world has the kind of financial backing as NSA. The Canadian Union of Students, for example, operates on a budget of about $14,000 a year for its international programs, all of which comes from the dues of member schools. NSA, with its almost unlimited funds, was able to conduct a full program of foreign diplomacy.

Of course, the CIA was also interested in intelligence. "Witty" NSA international staff members would pass along reports on foreign student leaders directly to the Agency. This information helped the CIA in evaluating the political tendencies of prospective political leaders in critical areas of the world.

One of the lures the CIA dangled before NSA was the assurance that this intelligence gathering role did not seem to require NSA to violate its foreign policy principles. The CIA is interested in alternatives to communism in the underdeveloped world, even if the only alternative is a moderate left. "Witty" staff members were told that, in working with the CIA, they would be providing the information that would help get a more enlightened foreign policy presented in high Washington circles.

Thus an NSA international staffer, while on an overseas assignment cleared with the CIA, visited student groups in Spain that were militantly protesting against the Franco dictatorship's suppression of free student unions. This NSA-er, a genuine supporter of the Spanish students, joined a protest meeting and was roughed up by the Spanish police, jailed, and held incommunicado for three days. The same staff member had previously gone to the Dominican Republic shortly after the American intervention there. He brought back a report on his contacts with university students who had participated in the civil war on the side of the constitutionalists.

To NSA the CIA relationship was a comfortable one. It meant lots of money, a sense of doing important work, overseas travel, and, perhaps most important of all, very little feeling of having sold out one's political convictions. The CIA relationship meant something more personal, too. For years elected (and appointed) officials and staffers of NSA have been getting draft deferments. The deferment given for having an "occupation vital to the national interest" would last as long as the member worked for NSA; it was then possible for him to go on to graduate school and receive a student deferment again.

The standard practice was for the president of NSA to send a letter to the local draft board stating that the staff member's services were required in an area that affected the national interest. Always included was a Cold War paragraph about how NSA was combatting communism. In what had become almost a form letter, the NSA president, asking for an occupational deferment for his staff member, wrote: "NSA is largely responsible for the creation and maintenance of the International Student Conference, which was established in 1950 to combat the

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communist-controlled International Union of Students. More than 50 countries—almost every state with a national union this side of the Iron Curtain—now participate in the International Student Conference."

During 1965-66 the war in Vietnam escalated, and a panic developed in the NSA office when staff members suddenly found themselves re-classified I-A under the impact of the increased draft quotas. Sherburne took the matter of the office staff's status to the Selective Service Presidential Review Board, and also went directly to General Hershey. No NSA staff members, "witty" or "non-witty," were drafted. The Agency looks after its own.

[IV. THE PRESIDENT REBELS]

WHEN THE CIA made Phil Sherburne "witty" it got more than it bargained for. Sherburne has a tough-minded, gritty independence that soon led him into conflict with those who were paying NSA's bills. Not only did Sherburne break the CIA cult of secrecy, but he also began fighting for NSA autonomy in international programming.

Sherburne's initial attitude to the Agency was friendly but reserved. He was willing to take CIA money for NSA projects and to consult with the Agency on matters of common interest, but he was the first NSA president who demanded full control of international programs. Previously, international programs—scholarships, student exchanges, conferences and the like—had all been worked out by NSA staff members and their CIA contacts.

But the Agency resisted Sherburne's reforms and applied pressure through their foundations. For the first time in years there were delays in the granting of funds from foundations such as FYSA and San Jacinto. But Sherburne fought back. He refused to release the funds (paid for by FYSA) that would have paid the dues of NSA to the International Student Conference. Finally, most of the money was released to NSA and a *modus vivendi* of sorts was reached. Eventually, Sherburne told Wood, Covert Action Division No. Five became so upset at its errant child, it considered severing ties with the NSA altogether.

Sherburne's effort at establishing some independence left its financial marks. Previously, any year-end operating deficits were quickly picked up by FYSA or some other foundation. In 1962-63 NSA had blundered into a disastrous financial venture with a book cooperative and wound up with approximately a $70,000 deficit. After NSA made a pro forma appeal to alumni that brought in practically nil, several key CIA foundations and individuals came through with the cash and the debt was miraculously retired in two years. The cost of NSA's move from Philadelphia and at least $35,000 worth of furniture and renovations for the new Washington offices were just as easily absorbed. Among others, FYSA put up $15,000 and two men, Thomas Millbank and George Baker, put up $10,000 and $5000 respectively. Millbank and Baker are both well-established New York corporate executives and fellow members of the Racquet and Tennis Club. These two men once joined with FYSA in making an $18,000 grant to the ISC for a Latin American student conference. When asked about his interest in NSA and international student politics by this magazine, Mr. Millbank, once an assistant naval attache in Cairo, said: "It is none of your business," and promptly hung up the phone.

At the end of a year of relative independence, Sherburne was faced with approximately a $35,000 deficit that no one picked up. The deficit has remained, despite staff cutbacks. The "firm" doesn't like rebellious children.

By the end of a year of wrangling with the CIA, Sherburne was convinced that it was impossible to maintain an independent but friendly relationship. In an attempt to find new funds that would free NSA of its financial dependence on the CIA, Sherburne went to see Vice President Humphrey in July of 1966. Humphrey had been friendly to NSA, had addressed its National Congress in 1965, and had met Sherburne once previously.

Sherburne told the Vice President about the CIA ties and NSA's financial predicament. Humphrey promised to help NSA get other, independent sources of financing.

Humphrey kept his word and wrote to Roger Blough, Chairman of the Board of U.S. Steel, David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Henry Ford, among others. In a typical letter (the one to Roger Blough), Humphrey said:

> I have been very much impressed by the work done over the past few years by the National Student Association. I know the officers of the Association well.
>
> As with other such groups the NSA has had a continuing financial difficulty.
>
> I believe that this organization should be able to find support in the private sector, which will enable it to continue its work independently and in the best spirit of private initiative.

Despite Humphrey's entreaties, only a few hundred dollars rolled in from "the private sector." Thus NSA went to its 1966 Congress, the deficit still on its back, and its relationship with the CIA badly damaged. Sherburne continued to resist Wood's suggestions that he make a thoughtful public statement about the relationship and have it openly discussed as a public issue.

Yet what Sherburne had accomplished was considerable. For the first time in years, new national officers were elected without apparent commitments to the CIA relationship. The only problems bothering the new officers were their knowledge of the past, and the large financial

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deficit—for it appeared that Humphrey's friends in the "private sector" were not as interested in supporting NSA as a rather un-public part of the "public sector" had been.

[V. EPITAPH TO A CAPER]

PHIL SHERBURNE FINALLY went to Harvard Law School after his year of escapades with the CIA. He was in Cambridge when Ramparts called him early last month to get his reaction to Mike Wood's revelations. In a subdued voice he said: "I think I would prefer not to say anything until I have had a chance to look at the article pretty carefully. . . . I think the article should be discussed by the current administration of NSA, and that anything that I would say would be resolved in discussions with them."

Then he was asked, "Did you sign a national security oath?" Sherburne paused a few moments and said, "At this point I don't want to make any comment."

Sherburne was under enormous pressure, not only out of a remaining loyalty to NSA, but also from the CIA. That "enlightened" organization had viciously turned on him for talking to Wood, and was trying hard to intimidate him into publicly denying Wood's story.

Sometime in the middle of January, the NSA officers and Sherburne heard that Michael Wood had passed his information along to Ramparts. Sherburne called Wood and asked him to fly to Boston, where Sherburne pleaded with him for an entire day to retract his story. Then they both flew to Washington for four more days of intense and harrowing discussion with two of the current NSA national officers, an NSA staff member, and a former national affairs vice president.

In the Washington conversations with Wood, the officers of NSA desperately tried to dissuade him from giving the information to this magazine. Wood refused and instead urged the officers to affirm the story publicly, which would be the only way of salvaging NSA's dignity. The officers would not commit themselves.

There followed two weeks of hectic caucusing and emergency meetings at NSA headquarters. NSA officers visited a number of well-known NSA alumni, including Douglass Cater of the White House staff, to ask their advice. At least one of the officers also went straight to the Agency. The current CIA operative whom he contacted is a former NSA president. He is officially employed by the Agency for International Development in Washington.

At one point the officers assembled the staff, told them of the impending story and flatly denied that it was true. They suggested that Wood was making up the story to revenge NSA for having lost his job as director of development. Finally, another staff meeting was called and it was admitted that the story was true.

Meanwhile, on the west coast, two Ramparts editors were talking to Ed Schwartz, NSA's current national affairs vice president. Schwartz, talkative and quick-witted, had been the leader of the liberal caucus in NSA. He was in Berkeley, working as a behind-the-scenes student political advisor-negotiator during the University of California campus crisis precipitated by the firing of Clark Kerr.

It seems a direct, ironic result of Cold War politics that Schwartz had to drop his liberal Berkeley activities and cross the Bay to discuss his organization's cooperation with the CIA. Through a long and tiring discussion that lasted most of one night, Schwartz did not deny NSA's relationship to the CIA. Instead, he pleaded that great damage would be done to the good works of NSA by the revelation of this relationship. As the discussion ended, he muttered something about losing his draft deferment.

A few days later, in Washington, D.C., a Ramparts editor had an almost identical conversation with two other NSA officers. The talk began in NSA's national headquarters, a four-story colonial-style brick building in a quiet residential section. On the desk in President Gene Groves' office there was an autographed picture of Hubert Humphrey. With Groves was Rick Stearns, the international affairs vice president.

During the conversation neither Stearns nor Groves denied NSA's CIA connections in the past but stated that "all of our current financing comes from legitimate sources which observe the normal legitimate reporting procedures." And yet NSA's current budget records grants totaling $56,673.30 from FYSA. Stearns was asked, "Will you flatly say you have had no contact with the CIA during your time in office?" He shook his head.

Stearns and Groves pleaded that disclosure of the CIA relationship would be disastrous for NSA. It would put them in an awful political predicament. If they publicly admitted past CIA connections, it would tarnish NSA's image badly at home and abroad, and hurt its chances of receiving grants from other government agencies. NSA staff members also feared CIA retaliation, especially the loss of their draft deferments.

Having kept quiet about the CIA since their election, the officers now went into action to minimize the effects of the forthcoming disclosures. NSA President Gene Groves flew off to Leiden, Holland for an emergency Summit meeting with the leaders of the ISC. Groves came back convinced that NSA must make some acknowledgment of the CIA relationship—but at the urging of his colleagues in Leiden there would be as few details as possible admitted.

If older Americans have been a little put off by the style of the draft card burners or the Mario Savios, there has always been somewhat of a consensus about the good

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works of the young men and women of the United States National Student Association. The NSA seemed to mix the idealism of the community organizers, the FSM activists and the Peace Corps with the buttoned-down practicality of young junior executives.

The quality which rank and file NSA-ers have cherished most about themselves is independence, especially independence from government controls. It was this quality that was supposed to distinguish their organization from national unions of students in the communist world. The quality for the most part was genuine, for the rank and file never knew of the CIA connection.

There were many arguments put forward by NSA's current officers as to why the CIA-NSA relationship should be kept secret, and many similar arguments desperately made to Mike Wood as to why he should not have given the information to anyone. Of all the reasons given—by Stearns and Groves to Ramparts' editor in Washington, and by others who pleaded with Wood—the most pathetic, which appeared again and again, was this: exposing the story would not only hurt NSA, it would hurt the CIA. Covert Action Division No. Five, after all, was not in the business of assassinating Latin American leftists, it was supporting liberal groups like NSA, groups with international programs in the best tradition of cultural exchanges between countries. NSA might be anti-communist, but certainly no one could ever argue that its anti-communism was more militant or more narrow-minded than that of the average American. Rather, it was less so. Thus the exposure of the NSA-CIA tie would deeply hurt the enlightened, liberal, internationalist wing of the CIA. Conservative congressmen, such as L. Mendel Rivers of the House Armed Services Committee, would cut off Agency funds for these purposes, and the hard-liners in CIA's "core" would be proven right in their contentions that the Agency shouldn't give large sums of money to support liberal students, no matter what intelligence it was getting in return.

The twisted sickness of this Orwellian argument should speak for itself. Yet it is extraordinary, and frightening, that it could be so easily made by the talented young liberals at the head of NSA. One would think the idea of "an enlightened wing of the CIA" would be an obvious contradiction in terms. But the idea's acceptance and support by a generation of student leaders indicates how deeply the corruption of means for ends has become ingrained in our society, and how much dishonesty is tolerated in the name of the Cold War.

By Sol Stern
With the special assistance of Lee Webb, Michael Ansara and Michael Wood.

An Epilogue...

THE DECISION to tell this story was the most agonizing of my life. Phil Sherburne, whose personal trust I have betrayed, was a close friend. Though we disagreed on many subjects (especially on how to handle the CIA), in seeking to terminate NSA's relationship he acted with a dignity rare among those who knew the facts.

Moreover, I still believe in NSA, and deeply respect the progressive stance it has taken among American students for 20 years. Yet the issues involved are larger, and my public trust as a citizen of the United States must transcend my private trust.

For years the United States National Student Association has stood for "a free university in a free society." Its resolutions on academic, political and social freedoms are clear. Its constitutional commitment to free and open democracy is of long standing. Its defense of civil liberties has been staunch and consistent. Yet because of NSA's relationship to the CIA, its leaders have for 15 years undermined those principles.

This story is only a case study in CIA corruption. When I was told of Covert Action No. Five's infiltration of NSA, I was also told of numerous other organizations similarly infiltrated. A few have been named in this article; many others have had to be omitted. In an age when the average man's only access to the centers of decision is through private institutions, the responsiveness of those institutions to his wishes is critical to the healthy workings of a democracy. The spectre of CIA infiltration of domestic institutions—and the covert creation of coordinated leadership among them—must horrify those who regard unfettered debate as vital to representative democracy.

Those of us who worked for NSA during 1965-66, experienced an unusual sense of personal liberation. While actively involved in many of the insurgent campus and political movements of the day, we were also able to move freely through the highest echelons of established power. If those who occupied the command posts didn't always sympathize with our goals, they listened nonetheless and were sometimes affected. We felt like full citizens, able to move freely without compromising our principles. It gave us a heady feeling and a sense of power beyond our years.

The mobility and influence was as it should be for a national union of students; to learn that it had been bought with so terrible a compromise made me realize how impotent we really were.

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Because of the pain involved in public discussion of so sensitive an issue, I have often wished that I had never learned the truth. Yet to avoid the truth, however painful, would be irresponsible.

There have always been staff members of the international commission who were entirely unaware of the relationship. It is unfortunate that all of them could not be protected, and that many of them may suffer the onus of NSA's guilt. I should like to note, however, that Gregory Delin, Gilbert Kulick, and Marcia Casey were in no way aware of the relationship. I am similarly sure that Mrs. Isabel Marcus Welsh, international affairs vice president in 1959-60 had no knowledge of the CIA's presence in NSA.

For those individuals in NSA who—like myself for a time—knowingly allowed themselves to be part of the relationship with the CIA, the worst consequences are internal. Very few staff members so involved were callous Cold Warriors who cynically appreciated their work with the CIA. Most of them, rather, were deeply committed liberals, whose consciences had no rest while they served two masters. All of them, I am sure, have at times felt horribly trapped in the conflict between their actions and their liberal principles.

Perhaps worst of all is the everyday dishonesty, the need to clam up when in the presence of "non-witty" staff members, to fudge, to make excuses and deflect embarrassing questions. Perhaps a professional intelligence operative, who sincerely believes in anti-communism at any price, can learn to suppress with not too much damage that most basic instinct of youth—to be open, frank, questioning of all things, in communion with his friends. But for the typical NSA staff member, part of a generation whose instinct is to unmask hypocrisy, the compromise comes very hard indeed. Many of them have suffered as a consequence the most agonizing sort of emotional schizophrenia—part of the human toll in an otherwise impersonal and cynical international intelligence operation.

MICHAEL WOOD

San Francisco, February 1967

...and a Judgment

IN SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR'S roman à clef, *The Mandarins*, there is a passage where the State Department tries to "help" Henri Perron (supposedly Camus) by offering him newsprint if his journal holds to an independent, neutralist line. Perron construes the offer to mean that the magazine should not criticize the fundamental methods of American foreign policy, and turns down the "aid." To protect the magazine's independence he also turns down aid from communist sources. But the gods play with men and their ideals. For a period of time the magazine receives its funds from a man who took gold from dentists who collaborated with the Nazis. Living in the world makes it hard to avoid dirty hands, perhaps because we are egocentric and overvalue the work we do. When we try to bring our projects into being they become more important to us than the reason we initiated them.

For example, it is not written in the Torah or the Constitution that educational institutions had to become fronts for the government, places where the rhetoric for the Cold War is supplied and the equations and technology for hydrogen bombs are manufactured. Nobody forced them into this position. Nor did the small, cliquish groups who ran the National Student Association have to take money from the CIA. Perhaps 15 years ago it was easier that way. For the young college graduate who was a "student leader" there was nothing quite as flattering as being approached by the CIA to help in the National Effort. Furthermore, it was the way up the status ladder, to success, travel, excitement, money, and government or foundation jobs. By following that road the student leaders of my generation—a decade ago—played it safe. As a result, they became instruments of the Cold War.

I have tried to figure out why the CIA would bother attempting to get to American students. After all, it takes a good deal of trouble and expense to set up front organizations and all the other tools that used to be the monopoly of the communists. The best way to understand the CIA's motives is to see it as primarily a commercial institution which deals in buying, renting and selling people.

Yet after we examine the CIA's motives and purposes, we are left with Cold War wreckage as serious and immoral as the Bay of Pigs operation, the U-2 overflights, or the Guatemalan caper. We are left with the fact that one generation attempted to corrupt the young by paying them off, buying and renting them on the installment plan. (Now that there is a crack in the door isn't it about time that we have a public accounting of CIA funds? How much of that loot sticks in the pockets of the CIA operatives themselves?) We are left with the fact that the CIA made patsies out of thousands of young Americans who went abroad to conferences or who studied under NSA auspices, but who unknowingly were being paid for, and were used by the CIA as contacts, covers and mail drops. Furthermore, how do we now face other nations who took us at our word that our students were "free" and therefore different from the communist-run youth groups? The CIA owes an apology to the innocent college students of this last generation.

MARCUS RASKIN

Co-Director, Institute for Policy Studies

Washington, D.C.

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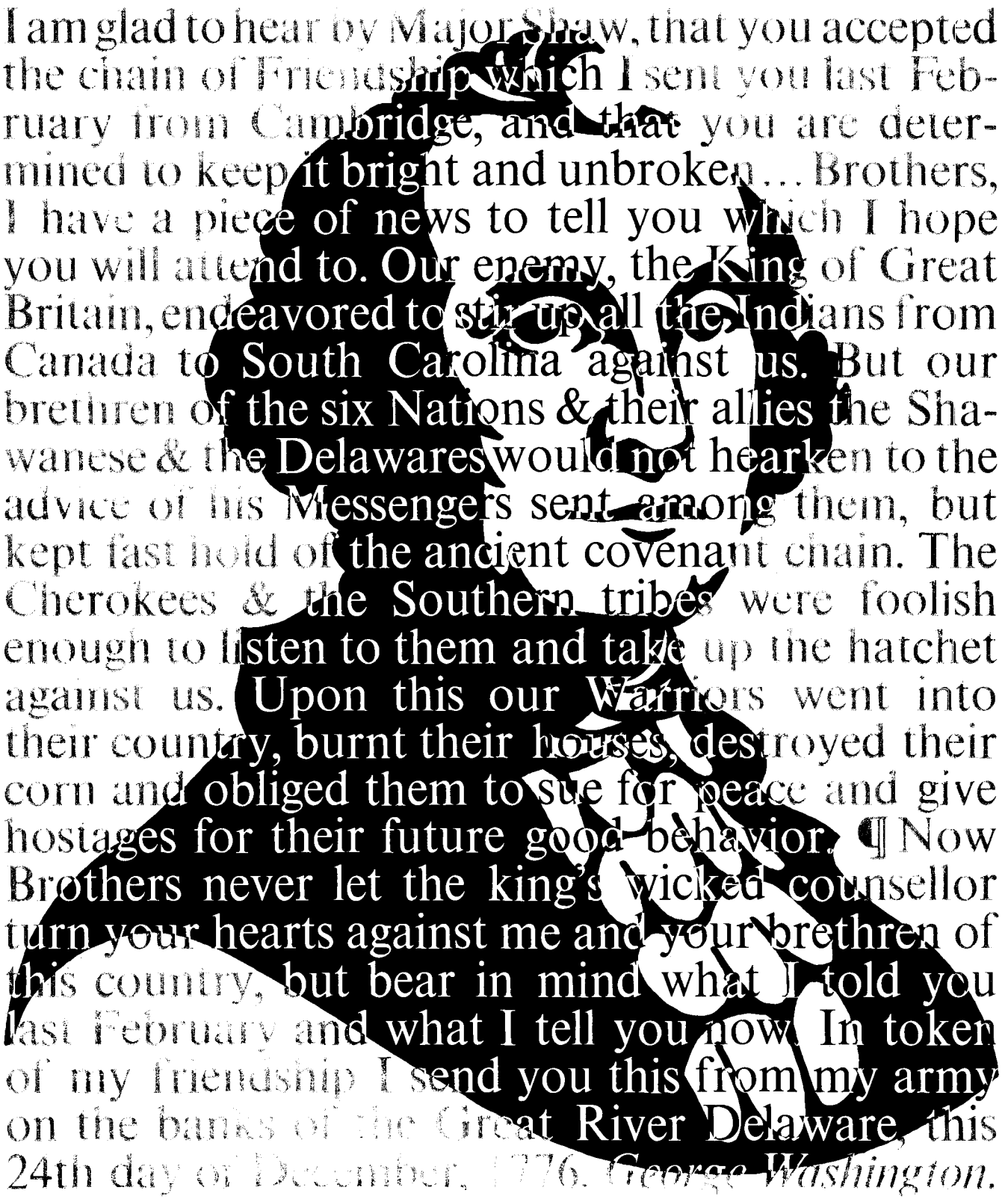
BROTHERS OF PASSAMAQUODIA:



I am glad to hear by Major Shaw, that you accepted the chain of Friendship which I sent you last February from Cambridge, and that you are determined to keep it bright and unbroken... Brothers, I have a piece of news to tell you which I hope you will attend to. Our enemy, the King of Great Britain, endeavored to stir up all the Indians from Canada to South Carolina against us. But our brethren of the six Nations & their allies the Shawanese & the Delawares would not hearken to the advice of his Messengers sent among them, but kept fast hold of the ancient covenant chain. The Cherokees & the Southern tribes were foolish enough to listen to them and take up the hatchet against us. Upon this our Warriors went into their country, burnt their houses, destroyed their corn and obliged them to sue for peace and give hostages for their future good behavior. ¶ Now Brothers never let the king's wicked counsellor turn your hearts against me and your brethren of this country, but bear in mind what I told you last February and what I tell you now. In token of my friendship I send you this from my army on the banks of the Great River Delaware, this 24th day of December, 1776. *George Washington.*

Designed by Dugald Stermer

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[HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION]

DO THEY STILL STUDY the American Revolution in the schools—or just the mythology of that somewhat embarrassing (and subversive) episode before the flowering of the American-way-of-life? Some day, when American school children study our Revolution in detail as the French and the Mexicans study theirs, they may discover the campaigns of Colonel John Allan, George Washington's field commander in eastern Maine. And when they do they will surely come across the Passamaquoddy Indians, some of the colonel's best troops and one of the few tribes in New England to fight with the Revolutionary forces.

Col. Allan could not have picked a less warlike tribe than the Passamaquoddys. Hunters and fishermen (their tribal name means "spearers of pollack fish"), they never won an Indian war as far as anyone can remember. Theirs was a river civilization. The Passamaquoddys clustered along the St. Croix River like the Egyptians along the Nile, and their domain extended from the river mouth not far from Eastport to its source in the lakes of Aroostock County. While they followed the game, they also cultivated squash and beans along the river bank and taught the white man all about corn and maple syrup. They were a proud people, who scorned their more warlike neighbors as uncivilized barbarians.

Then there was the white man, even less civilized, possessor of still more barbaric weapons of destruction, for whom the Passamaquoddys, it must be said, had absolute contempt. But the white man's war posed the most serious threat to their existence in the long and honorable history of the tribe. Encroachments by both Loyalists and Revolutionaries threatened their hunting grounds. It was time to choose sides. George Washington's agents promised that the "ancient tribal haunts" would remain theirs and inviolable, and the Passamaquoddys, without counting on the now legendary perfidy of the white man, joined up with Washington.

According to Col. Allan's account of the campaigns on the northeastern front, the Indians acquitted themselves with extraordinary distinction, saving all of eastern Maine for the colonies.

Listen to him recount a Passamaquoddy campaign of 1777: "*The Indians in a body, to the number of 128 canoes containing nearly 500 men, women and Children, left the river with me at the End of Ten days, only a few families remaining to keep up a claim & give Intelligence, when there was not more than a weeks provisions for the whole. They left their little plantations well improved and a good prospect, with a great part of their cloathing, & after 28 days Journey arrived at Machias, suffering many hardships & difficulties by the excessive heats, and the Lowness of the Streams, which greatly obstructed the canoes.*

"*Their Zeal & attention during the war . . . is so well known in that Country that it needs no comment. Their uniform conduct both in respect of humanity, as well as in submitting with patience under every difficulty was not Inferior to the most disciplined troops, & even when Imposed on at a time of Intoxication & fleeced of the little they had, they always sat down contented and resigned without any appearance of resentment or malice . . .*"

Later the same year Allan was to write, "The Indians I still keep and have Reason to believe no people will defend the Liberty of America better." George Washington himself sent a letter of appreciation, thanking the tribe for its loyal support (see opposite).

In 1794 Col. Allan and other officials of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts signed a treaty with the tribal leaders, granting the Indians some 30,000 acres of land in perpetuity—a pittance compared to the vast hunting grounds that had been theirs. They had surrendered not only their best land but their very source of livelihood, and with it their cultural identity as huntsmen from time immemorial. The treaty still stands today, amended by an additional grant of land to the tribe in 1801 and the transfer of Massachusetts' obligations to the new State of Maine in 1820. Need one add that it is honored more in the breach than in the observance?

[THE GREAT LAND FRAUD]

AND TODAY? Today the Passamaquoddys live on two reservations in easternmost Maine, probably the most depressed area in all New England, and the 800 Indians who are left occupy barely 200 of their 30,000 acres. Most of them are welfare cases, for what jobs exist have been gobbled up by the white man. Swindled out of their land and deprived of gainful employment, cheated in countless ways, humiliated and progressively pauperized, the once proud Indians have been reduced to begging at the coattails of the master thieves.

Unlike most Indian tribes, the Passamaquoddys are wards of a state, not the federal government. Their great white father is the Indian commissioner, a political appointee whose job is to ensure that his "children" are happy on the dole and to avoid "trouble" on the reservations. But the Indians are not happy with their squalid shacks, their allotments of surplus food, or the fact that no one will give them a job. They are fighting today as they fought for George Washington, for the right to profit from their rich timberlands, long since taken over by the state and by white squatters and businessmen. They are fighting for the right to govern themselves like any other

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Americans, to dispose of their property as they see fit; fighting for the chance to get *off* the welfare.

John Stevens, chief of the tribe's Princeton reservation, talked about it on a Maine TV station. "In the Treaty of 1794," he said, "Massachusetts gives us our two reservations, to have forever and ever. One's a small one, at Pleasant Point, down near Eastport; the other's a large piece—36 square miles of timberland—just north of Princeton, Maine. Now in 1820, when Maine became a state, carved out of Massachusetts, she promised Congress and Massachusetts, both, that she'd honor our treaty lands forever. Well, the treaty's being broken. The State of Maine has stolen our treaty lands away, by selling and leasing the lands right out from under our feet. Sounds hard to believe, doesn't it? Well, you're welcome to come down and see for yourself the shacks they make us live in, on what we have left.

"We shouldn't *have* to be this poor," says Chief Stevens. "The State of Maine's been stripping the timber from our land, selling it and never accounting to us for the money; said they're putting it in a trust fund for us. Well, after 140 years selling the timber off our 30,000 acres, now all they say they can show for it is about $2 an acre in our trust fund. That's without interest; every year they deduct the interest away. Well sir, we aim to put a stop to this; get them to observe the treaty and return our timberlands, and give us some kind of accounting for our money. They laughed in our faces; told us they didn't have to honor any treaty if they didn't feel like it, and unless we quit asking questions they'd fix us good; take away whatever they wanted, take away our kids' lunches at school too."

The Pleasant Point reservation, 100 acres on a barren, windswept isthmus, is home for more than half the tribe. Some years ago the state cut a highway and a railway track through the settlement, without consulting the Indians or offering compensation. The Princeton reservation consists of "The Strip," a shantytown squeezed onto a few square yards of mud between the highway and Big Lake, where some of the huts have bare earth floors, no plumbing or electricity; and the sprawling Indian Township—36 square miles of timberland—most of which is "Indian" in name only. From the settlement at Peter Dana Point, one can look across the still waters of Big Lake, a thin mist veiling the endless timberlands, and imagine Hiawatha. Not far away is Nemcass Point, the sacred tribal burial grounds, granted to the Indians in 1794 but occupied by white men. The treaty also granted the Indians two islands in Big Lake and 15 islands in the St. Croix River. These, like much of Indian Township, have been chopped up and sold away, with not a cent accruing to the tribe. It began with the Resolve of 1836 when the state arrogated to itself the right to sell or lease the treaty lands—in defiance of a law passed by Congress only two years before making it a crime to traffic in Indian lands without federal permission. The law, which is still on the books, stipulates that any such attempt shall be considered null and void. "Selling our treaty lands," says Chief Stevens, "is a little like selling the Brooklyn Bridge."

But the story of this colossal fraud does not stop there. Massachusetts, in compensation for grabbing most of their hunting grounds, had formally agreed to provide for the Indians' annual support. For 26 years the promise was faithfully kept. When Maine assumed that obligation in 1820, it accepted 395,000 acres of additional timberland, earmarked for support of the Indians. But instead of holding the title perpetually in trust for the Indians, as provided by the deed from Massachusetts, Maine promptly sold it off to private interests. The Indians never saw any income from their trust property, and their fate as publicly supported paupers was effectively sealed.

The treaty provided one exception to the Indians' total ownership of their reservations. Massachusetts retained the right to "all pine trees, fit for masts . . . making said Indians a reasonable compensation therefor." Soon, however, the white man was putting the axe to any tree he damn well pleased. Today, Maine leases timber rights on 17,000 acres of the Indian Township to private companies like the Georgia Pacific, making no more than token payment to the Indians for the privilege.

Administration of the tribal trust fund—a mere $70,000 today—has been a unilateral and often shady business. For 75 years Passamaquoddy leaders have trooped to Augusta to demand an accounting; each time it was refused them. A century of timber revenue had somehow vanished, and the state was not about to open the books. Beginning ten years ago, the fund was directly raided, ostensibly to provide the Indians with better housing. Nearly 30 boxlike dwellings were erected on the two reservations, costing between $7000 and $9000 apiece. The 11 houses built at Pleasant Point are already falling apart. The plywood floors sag, the walls lean, the wind zips through the cracks; the foundations, resting uneasily on a swamp, settle a bit more each year. The tribe's attorney, Don Cotesworth Gellers, surmises that the building contractor hired by the state "must have had something more than mere competence to recommend him for the job." In any case, the company has gone bankrupt so there can be no possible claim. Gellers doubts that anything will come of the housing scandal. "No one will prosecute you in the state of Maine for robbing Indians," he says. "No one ever has."

Gellers, 31, has been working for several years without fee as the Passamaquoddys' lawyer, preparing a court test for the restitution of treaty lands and trust fund to the

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tribe, as well as compensation for past infringements. Since moving to Eastport with his wife, he has been threatened with death and disbarment. But the case is an important one. Indians have absorbed defeat after defeat at the hands of the colossus. If the Passamaquoddys can win their demands, their brothers across the nation will have grounds for hope that their treaties too, and their elementary human rights, may one day be respected.

[Farewell to Welfare?]

Until recently, the Indians' official nanny was the state Department of Health and Welfare, which spent about $160,000 a year on welfare payments to the Passamaquoddys (a per capita average of $200 for a tribe with an estimated unemployment rate of over 90 per cent).

For 17 years, until his death in 1964, the Indian agent for the Passamaquoddys was Hiram Hall, a retired fish inspector. The Indians' complaints about Hall's administration would fill a book: playing favorites with the welfare payments, collusion with white squatters and bootleggers on the reservation, and general indifference to Indian needs. It was only two years ago that the tribe found out there are scholarships set aside for Indians at the University of Maine; the agent had never told them about it or encouraged their youth to apply. George Francis, the tribe's non-voting representative at the legislature, has a raft of stories illustrating what he calls the "anti-Indian attitude" of Agent Hall. "It was four years ago," said Francis, "and a pregnant Indian woman was leaning against Hall's car to ask him something. Hall gunned the motor and dragged her 50 feet, and the woman lost the child she was carrying. Hall tried the same thing with an Indian man one time and the man nearly killed him. But the worst thing about Hall was that he was in with those white squatters. He saw to it they had no trouble getting deeds to that land, and they went ahead and mortgaged it in their own names. We can't even insure our houses because the state won't give us the deeds."

Late in 1965 the legislature transferred the guardianship of the Indians to a new Indian Affairs Department, headed by a commissioner who promised "full Indian participation in the decisions affecting their lives." But the Passamaquoddys, who know perhaps better than anyone how cheap words can be, did not get much satisfaction. The new Indian agent, retitled Indian affairs specialist, has done nothing more significant than campaign to abolish drinking on the reservations. "They can't drink as well as the white man," he said with customary perception, "because they've only been out of bondage for 400 years."

Chief John Stevens bristles when white people call the Indians lazy or incapable of governing themselves. "How do they know we're lazy if there's no work?" he asks. "Almost every Indian man here would give his eyeteeth to have a regular job at a decent wage." Stevens, 33, is one of the privileged 15 persons with regular employment. He and his brother work at the pulp mill; six Indians are employees of the school system; one woman runs a grocery at Pleasant Point; and Joe Nicholas, called "Cozy" for his friendly relationship with the Indian agents, has his own barbershop in Eastport. The rest of the tribe subsists on part-time or seasonal work—woodcutting, sardine packing, wreath and basket making, potato picking, blueberry raking, guiding—and, of course, the welfare. Most of these jobs come under neither the Maine nor the federal minimum wage scales of $1.25; basket makers average 28 cents an hour.

Donald F. Brown, of Health and Welfare, says that many more Indians have jobs than admit to it, "because once you are officially employed there goes the old welfare tit." However true this may be, there is precious little income on the reservation from any source at all. Children drop out of school for lack of winter clothing. Indians are deprived of their treaty hunting rights (allowing them to bag unlimited game in all seasons), so as to preserve the wildlife for sportsmen. Prices in the Pleasant Point grocery are almost double those in town, but the reservation store gives credit and many are obliged to buy there. And once their small wood ration is exhausted, the Indians have to pay $20 a cord for wood cut on their own reservation!

Even their basic political rights are trampled on with impunity. No Passamaquoddy was allowed to vote in any election, state or national, until 1956, 32 years after Congress gave the vote to all Indians. Today they still cannot vote for members of the state lower house. This means that Indians may be charged with breaking laws over which they have no say in the making. No Passamaquoddy had ever served on a Maine jury until 1965. Law enforcement follows a Mississippi-style double standard.

Chief Stevens' father, George Stevens Sr., grand old man of the Passamaquoddys and sworn enemy of the white settlers, has quite a clear idea of "what the Indians want." A veteran Indian politician, he believes these problems cannot be solved unless the Indians acquire the tools of power, through recovery of their real estate, their money and their full right to vote. "We have a certified copy of the treaty that says this is our land," he says. "If we have our way, anybody residing on Indian Township will pay taxes and rent to the clerk of the Township, with the proceeds going to the Indians. We want to be masters of our reservations at the minimum. Then, as conditions change, this whole business of being 'wards of the state' has got to go. It's really an insult to a man's dignity."

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[The Augusta Hearings]

But even if George Stevens won his limited demands, the problem of the tribe's relationship to the larger society would remain. Differing views of this relationship came into focus in February 1965, at a legislative hearing in Augusta, the state capital. The subject of the hearing was the proposal to create a new Indian Affairs Department, and representatives of the Passamaquoddys and the Penobscots, Maine's other reservation tribe, were on hand to testify.

The chiefs of both tribes argued persuasively for the new department. More interesting was the procession of elite Penobscots to the podium to present the minority view and defend the Health and Welfare Department. Edwin Mitchell asserted that there was no stigma attached to being an Indian, pointing out that his son had been president of his high school class. "Like in any community," he said, "there are the good ones and the bad ones, and they are judged accordingly. There is no millstone around the Indian's neck." Harvey Mitchell, a young man of Penobscot birth who works for the state highway department and lives off the reservation, also testified at the hearing. He objected when a witness brought up the issue of civil rights and countered, "There is no discrimination as far as I can see. I didn't find any in school, in the service, or at work either." And then he added, almost wistfully, "Of course, every so often someone will call you 'chief,' but after a while they come to respect you."

The Penobscots, unlike the Passamaquoddys, live close to a prosperous urban area, and the majority of their men have steady jobs. They have a much lower percentage on welfare, and the tendency among younger Penobscots is to leave the reservation as soon as they can. The Passamaquoddys have jealously guarded their language, while the Penobscots have all but lost theirs. Intermarriage is much more frequent among the Penobscots. Given these conditions, one is not surprised to find a difference in tribal "ideology." The one, living in misery, retains a strong tribal identification and, relatively speaking, a certain militancy toward the white man. The other, comparatively prosperous, is increasingly composed of Indians who have "made it" outside the reservation and who identify with the values of the American-way-of-life. Jonas Rosenthal, sociology professor at Colby College and witness at the hearing, put it another way: "Those members of the Penobscot tribe who spoke against this bill seem to be people who have attained personal success. It's like saying Jackie Robinson made the Brooklyn Dodgers and therefore there is no racial discrimination. And people who are successful like the conditions under which they have been able to succeed."

[All that Brouhaha about Integration]

Underlying the cultural clash that surfaced during the Augusta hearings was the gnawing question: is it necessary for Indians to move off the reservation and integrate into the larger society, if they are to achieve the material progress they quite naturally desire? It is a dilemma that concerns the Indians, and exclusively the Indians, but of course there are always a number of white men who feel ready and even duty-bound to answer for them. The federal, and in the case of Maine, the state "guardians" of the Indians have answered emphatically in favor of total integration. "The reservation system is untenable," says Donald F. Brown of the Maine Health and Welfare Department. "We can no longer justify these little islands on an ethnic or any other basis. So the Indian agents, for example, are encouraging school dropouts to leave for the Job Corps." Under Brown's successors, the goal remains essentially the same: move the Indians off the reservation and into the mainstream of American life.

Many Indians, certainly, are fiercely opposed to the idea of total integration. Chief Stevens says the mere thought gives him the shudders. "They have always wanted to chase us off of here," he recalls. "My mother used to tell me about the malaria epidemic here on the reservation, when they sent the afflicted people to Graveyard Island to die. One way or another, they still want us to just disappear. They say we should take training and find work outside, preferably in another state. But I don't want this. Then there will only be old people here, and they die off and then the white man can take all the land. Then there is no more tribe, no more Indians. I just wait for that day when we get our land back. Then we can build a good life for ourselves right here on the reservation. All Indians will benefit. All over the country they will see what can be done."

Chief Stevens has touched the central point. If the Indians were given full title to their 30,000 acres of rich timberland—almost all of it fraudulently claimed and held by the state and private interests—then there would be no need for welfare handouts or for the Job Corps, no need for the great white father at all. "Integration," in the view of many Indians, is just another subterfuge for the theft of their reservation lands, and grand theft at that.

Another key to the Indians' newly found militancy is their determination to hold on to their tribal heritage. Here again they have to fight the stranglehold of state control. The prohibition against teaching the Passamaquoddy language and culture in the schools, and the fact that the Indian agent has discouraged all but the aged and immobile from making baskets are, in Attorney Gellers' view, "signs of a deliberate attempt to annihilate the Indian culture." It is a tribute to the Passamaquoddys that

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in such conditions and after 400 years as a subjugated people they have managed to preserve their language and their "Indianness."

"My feeling about integration is that we can learn from them," says Attorney Gellers. "Their values are more humane than ours, for example in the high degree of mutual respect and camaraderie between Indian adult and child. It is not uncommon to see a tipsy Indian man escorted by his child, who has no sense of shame about the fact that his father has had a few drinks. And although Indian kids are well behaved, they are traditionally allowed large amounts of freedom, to go on excursions to the woods or into town, as they please.

"I remember an old codger, a white man, who thought the Indians were lazy because they wouldn't put in a big stock of cut wood for the winter," Gellers says. "What he didn't understand was that for the Indians, hoarding is irreligious. To hoard is to set yourself against Glosscup, the Great Spirit, and implies that the day will come when the Great Spirit will no longer look on you with favor. 'There is forest all around us,' an Indian told me. 'The trees will be there tomorrow. They were provided by the Great Spirit for man to enjoy and use.'

"You see, there is none of this 'mine and thine' crap with the Indians. Their culture stresses cooperation with your neighbor, not competition. How many fences do you see on the reservation?—damn few, and then you know it's for a good, practical reason."

George Francis, 74, an erect and burly man with a massive head, worked 40 years in a Detroit auto factory. Like the other 300-odd Indians who live off the reservation but still consider themselves members of the tribe, he returned on holidays, or to vote in tribal elections. Eight years ago he came back to retire and was elected chief at Pleasant Point. His 40 years in Detroit left him more convinced than ever of the need to keep the tribe together; he sees the recovery of treaty lands as a key to tribal regeneration, a way of galvanizing tribal unity. "One day they came in here with bulldozers," he recalls. "I said, 'Don't come on my property.' The man said the property belonged to the state. I told him he had another thing coming. He said, 'Why are you always on my back?' I said, 'What are you going to do when you have 800 on your back?' "

The young Indian girls used to come over to Francis' home to wash dishes and be close to his young wife Clara, for she was a woman they would have liked to emulate. A modern woman, educated in the social graces, who kept a good house, she was proud to be an Indian, careful to preserve her heritage and as militant as her husband. To the young girls, Clara was living proof that it is possible to be a 20th century woman—and be yourself.

In a sense, theirs is the problem of people in all the world's "underdeveloped" areas: how to adapt to modern life and still maintain their traditions and cultural identity. As the experience of peoples who have acceded to independence since the war has shown, it is by no means an insoluble dilemma. In the process of decolonization, Algerian author Frantz Fanon has observed, one pattern recurs.The subject people resist the introduction of "Western" methods into their society, remain apathetic or resentful of modern techniques, identifying them culturally with the colonial master. A native might refuse to see a European doctor, or go to a European school. Apathy, laziness, adherence to inefficient, traditional ways: these are forms of passive resistance, of non-cooperation, which help the subject people to keep alive their group identity and spirit of revolt. Once independent, however, the same people "suddenly" thirst for knowledge of the modern world, discover unsuspected talents, find creative ways of rebuilding a nation that is once again their own. National ideology changes accordingly; modern ways become as much a part of being "Algerian" or "Guinean" or "Kenyan" as their revered traditions.

The American Indians, victims of one of the most brutal colonial wars in modern history and many of them living today on reservations in total colonial subjugation, face cultural and economic problems of a similar order. Political problems, owing to the Indians' condition as a fragmented minority, are quite different, although it is possible that the widely scattered tribes might one day join in common political action.

It has been proposed that the government, which concluded "international" treaties with most Indian nations, should dispense "foreign aid" to the victims of our colonial expansion. But not only would this perpetuate the Indians' dependency on the white government, but it begs the central question of reservation control. All the Indians are asking is *total* control of *all* the lands granted to them by treaty. With few exceptions, this is precisely what the federal and state governments are refusing to do.

The Passamaquoddys are determined not to disappear as a tribe. They did not fight the American Revolution to integrate into the white man's world; on the contrary. They fought the Revolution, as others did, for the freedom to live and worship and do business, separately if they so chose, by themselves, not to submit to the tyranny of a unitary state of which they would be second-class subjects. All the Passamaquoddys want is the chance to get the white man off their backs—for once and for all. Only then will it be possible to have genuine coexistence, and integration, if desired, on an equal footing. Elementary, one would think, but still perhaps too difficult for the more simpleminded civil rights advocates to understand.

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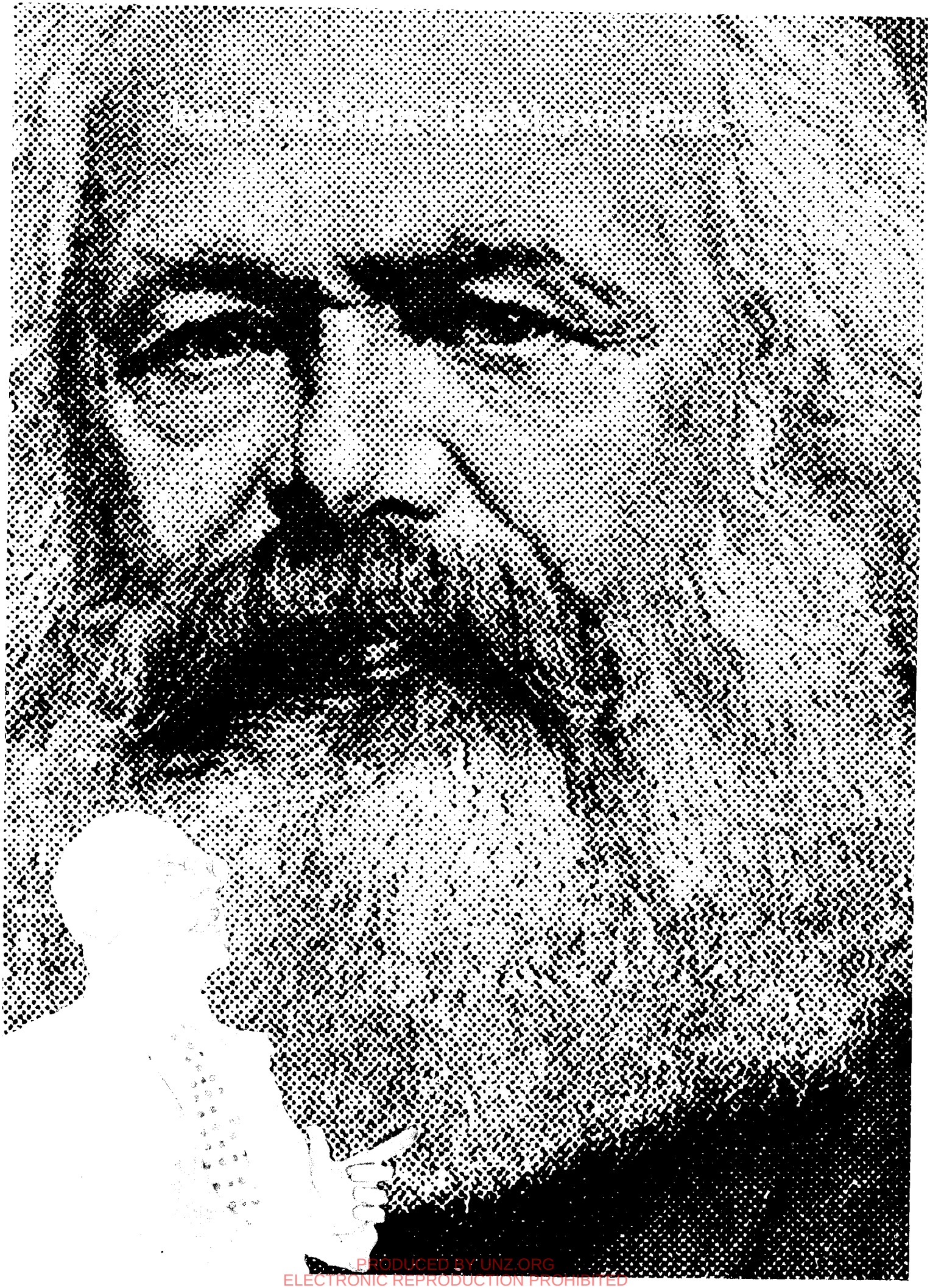

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FOR JEAN-PAUL SARTRE the decisive year was 1952 when he began to publish essays on the Communists and peace, blaming America for the Korean war. The course of events since the outbreak of the war had convinced him that the United States alone threatened to drag humanity into a third world war; the Soviet Union and its dependent Communist parties were striving to preserve the peace. Hence it was only logical for him to urge the working people of France to trust in their Communist leaders (although he himself would continue to maintain his personal freedom from party discipline). This line of action had been anticipated the previous year in one of the most influential of Sartre's plays, "The Devil and the Good Lord," in which it was apparent that the spokesman of revolutionary violence and ruthlessness was expressing the sentiments of the author himself. Three years before in another play, "Dirty Hands," the moral verdict had been left unclear.

It would be quite wrong, however, to suggest that Sartre had in any sense sold out to communism. He had always disliked and continued to protest against the Communist practice of twisting reality to party ends, and he remained as stubborn as in the past about telling unpleasant truths; in 1956 he jeopardized his whole *rapprochement* with the party by denouncing the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian revolt. Nor was his judgment of events in the early 1950's as extravagant as it might appear later on: in the United States, with Senator McCarthy leading the pack, the forces of know-nothing nationalism were in full cry; in France, by virtue of a tricky new electoral law, the left had been reduced to impotence, while the institutions and personnel of the Fourth Republic were sinking into political squalor. By the middle of the decade, of course, the international outlook had improved: with Stalin dead, and the Korean war and the French war in Indochina both at an end, the peace of Europe was no longer in danger; in 1956 the Americans made no move to aid the Hungarians who had taken up arms. At this point, when Sartre's scruples over Hungary might have tempted him to reconsider his alignment with communism, events outside Europe supervened, confirming his earlier choice and prompting a rapid reconciliation with his Communist friends.

Like Lenin before him, Sartre discovered the underdeveloped world when he needed it most to buttress a faith that seemed increasingly inapplicable to European conditions. Beginning in 1951, when he made his first trip to the Soviet Union, he systematically visited Cuba, China, and various non-European nations with a high revolutionary potential such as Brazil. Here his "ultra-Bolshevism" expressed a bitter reality: the anguished look of the poor was patent for all to see. Moreover, the neo-colonial wars waged by the Western powers provided ample reason for indignation. From 1954 to 1962, the question of Algerian independence mobilized Sartre's ideological energies; after 1965 it was the turn of the American war in Vietnam. Throughout the 1950's and 1960's, and wherever he went in the non-European world, Sartre pledged his solidarity to the revolutionary struggle.

In 1958 he was with the demonstrators in the streets of Paris, singing out the "Marseillaise" in protest against the advent of de Gaulle. Two years later he was a leading figure among the "121"—the intellectuals who announced their support of the Algerian rebels and asserted the right of French citizens to civil and military disobedience against an unjust war. Summoned before his country's courts, he sent back an answer that turned the charge on his accusers; he refused to cut short his stay in Brazil where he was committed to a lecture tour, and he denied the moral legitimacy of the French government, defying it to impose whatever sanctions it chose. This was when Sartre came closest to political greatness, as he voiced the shame and anger of professors and writers, of pastors and priests, revolted by the tortures and barbarities that France's war of repression had entailed.

BACK HOME at the end of 1960, Sartre found himself officially unmolested: de Gaulle's government had quite sensibly decided that it would be folly to make a martyr of him. But the unofficial violence of the right-wing extremists was mounting: in 1961, Sartre was obliged to change his residence repeatedly, and his apartment was devastated by a plastic bomb. In February of the following year he was again in the streets, joining his voice to those protesting the callousness of the police toward anti-war demonstrators and the government's delays in bringing the Algerian conflict to an end. This was the last and largest of the ideological displays that had punctuated the post-war years; a million Parisians had turned out. And then, just at the moment of greatest bitterness, peace descended. The spring of 1962 brought the liberation of Algeria and the end of France's three decades of political strife.

It all happened so fast that the French themselves failed to understand how an atmosphere of latent civil war could have changed almost overnight into one of ideological torpor. In fact, such a demobilization of spirits had long been in the making. For the better part of a decade the French had been enjoying the most extended period of prosperity they had known since 1914: the old antagonisms were dissolving; the traditional political cleavages were losing their relevance. But the Algerian war had masked the change, prolonging France's civil hostilities into an era which was basically alien to them.

by H. Stuart Hughes

Illustration by Christopher John

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With the war over, the new France was suddenly revealed.

Yet Sartre carried on as though nothing had occurred. He now considered himself as enrolled for life in the worldwide struggle for freedom, and he had no intention of desisting merely because his countrymen had grown more satisfied. In 1964 he declined the Nobel Prize on the ground that a writer should not allow himself "to be turned into an institution"—although he added that if the Algerian war had still been in progress, he would have accepted the award as honoring the cause to which he was pledged. On the verge of 60, Sartre was too old to reconsider his assumptions or to learn a new ideological language. This fidelity to the established direction of his political thought was manifest in the bulky treatise with which he rounded out the inner dialogue that *Being and Nothingness* had begun—his *Critique of Dialectical Reason.*

In the *Critique* Sartre finally engaged himself with Marxism as an intellectual discipline. Earlier, when he had taken ideological lessons from Merleau-Ponty, his convictions had been more passionate than reasoned, and his declaration of sympathy with the Communists, as his former mentor had pointed out, was insufficiently buttressed by logical argument. His *Critique* was not announced as an answer to Merleau-Ponty's essays on Marxism; but the word "dialectics" in both titles suggested that Sartre intended to defend his "ultra-Bolshevism" against the most competent of its detractors.

Although the full *Critique* was not published until 1960, its origins dated back to 1957, when a Polish review—inspired by the new intellectual freedom that Poland had won in the previous year—asked Sartre to write an account of the state of existentialism in France after more than a decade of public notoriety. This invitation gave Sartre a chance to think through the relationship between his earlier ontology and his subsequent ideological allegiance. The result of his reflections, subsequently published in slightly altered form in *Les Temps Modernes*, figured in a third guise under the title "Search for a Method" as an extended preface to the *Critique* itself.

This work apparently gave Sartre more difficulty than any of its predecessors. It involved him in what he called writing "against himself"—presumably meaning against his own inclination—and he complained that he had to "break bones in his head" to bring his thought around to where he wanted it to come out. He wrote the book at a dizzy pace: abandoning his usual practice of pausing and making corrections as he went along, he sat writing for hours and days on end, jumping from page to page without taking time to reread what he had written. He cut short his sleep and kept himself going with a variety of pep pills until his health began to buckle under the strain. His eyes were veiled with weariness; his speech became confused; on occasion he went nearly deaf. Finally his doctor sounded the alarm, and Sartre consented to take some rest. The impression he gave was of a man forcing himself to complete a burdensome task and writing as fast as he could to get it over with. And the style of the book betrayed the effort it had cost. It was incomparably more cumbrous than anything Sartre had written earlier: reviewer after reviewer declared it unreadable.

If its execution was labored, its purpose was simple and direct—to fit Marxism and existentialism together. The former, Sartre declared at the very start, was the "one philosophy of our time which we cannot go beyond," and the latter no more than an "enclave" within it. Marxism figured as the third and last of the classic philosophies of the modern era—the first two having been the rationalism that had sprung from Descartes and Locke, and the German idealist tradition of Kant and Hegel. After these great "moments" had come the time of the epigoni, whose work deserved to be called "ideology" rather than true philosophy. Such was existentialism. Yet existentialism ranked as an ideology with a pressing claim to attention, since its purpose was to rejuvenate the teaching of Marx.

In substance, Sartre claimed, Marxism was a very young philosophy: its implications had only begun to be developed. But under the ministrations of the orthodox it had stopped in mid-passage: the Stalinists had turned it into a cult of fixed ideas. The task for existentialism, then, was to restore to the Marxist method its feeling for the specific and the actual—to rediscover a "supple, patient dialectic" that would cling to the contours of human events. Such a dialectic would follow a "progressive-regressive" course not unlike that pursued in psychoanalysis: it would first discover the "project" which gave an individual life its meaning and then trace that project to its remote sources in the past. This method of "comprehension"—*verstehen*—would convert Marxism into a new "anthropology" which would be "historical and structural" at the same time. And when the conversion had been completed, existentialism, having done its work, could simply disappear—a process of self-dissolution that Sartre's own book was intended to hasten.

SO MUCH FOR THE methodological preface. The bulk of the *Critique* itself consisted of an exhaustive account of the struggle of man's ontological freedom against the resistance of matter and circumstance, of the vast realm of the "practical-inert" that was eternally dragging it down. For Sartre the fact of scarcity gave the key to human history. It was the origin of violence, in that it explained why men killed each other or permitted each other to die. Violence was "interiorized scarcity . . . that by which everyone sees in everyone else

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the Other and the principle of Evil." Against the brute fact of scarcity, men as individuals were powerless. Try as he might—and the *Critique* was the laborious record of his efforts—Sartre could not avoid recognizing that human freedom was less complete than he had imagined when he had written *Being and Nothingness*.

He now saw that such freedom became actual only when men grouped themselves together for mutual assistance. The group, then, furnished the bridge between his earlier and his later view of man, and he strove desperately to keep the individual in the center of his account as he traced the growing complexity of human organizations. Such bodies, he found, had an inevitable tendency to ossify: only an unremitting vigilance could protect them against succumbing to the inert. And among them political parties were by their very nature particularly exposed to degeneration. One of the most curious features of Sartre's reasoning was that while he made no effort to deny the ravages of bureaucracy where communism was in control—while he readily granted that a Western-type society was preferable from the standpoint of spontaneity —an idealized image of a Communist party, such as history had never seen, provided the underlying theme for the whole latter part of his book.

It was here that Sartre's congenital passion burst the dikes of dialectical reasoning within which he had tried to confine it. As the *Critique* advanced, the revolutionary romanticism which the public knew from his more journalistic writings came tumbling back in. Some passages breathed a Jacobin fervor: true to the rhetoric of 1793, Sartre spoke of terror as "the very bond of fraternity." Elsewhere, borrowing a term of Malraux's from *Man's Hope*, he celebrated the moment of "apocalypse" when a series of isolated individuals fused into a group inspired by a single aim. Hope and terror, freedom and violence, Sartre explained, were not the antitheses that reactionary authors made of them: they were dialectically linked together in a relationship so complex that it took him more than 20 pages to explain it; the tortured character of the prose itself suggested a strenuous effort at rationalization. For in Sartre's view, revolutionary violence was both inevitable and moral—that is, in conformity with "history." Sartre delivered himself over to the illusion that there was an underlying course of human events and that he was capable of charting it. Hence the equanimity with which he envisaged the sacrifice of life or liberty in the service of a promised future; he apparently felt that his rooted convictions about the inalienability of man's ontological freedom gave him a special license to condone the terroristic practices of the revolutionary left.

In a similar flood of passion, Sartre poured out once more his old hatred of the bourgeoisie. It was a class, he declared, forever guilty of "massacres"—*avorteuse, affameuse et diviseuse*—the alliteration suggesting the linked crimes of reducing the birth rate and starving and dividing the poor. Such charges might still carry weight in the world of former colonies; in France itself they had lost touch with reality. And the same was true of the magnificent passage—in a literary sense one of the few in which the old Sartrian verve came through—that sketched the portrait of the bourgeois of "distinction," cultivating a set of tastes as divergent as possible from those of ordinary men, down to and including the well-displayed frigidity of his wife! A judgment so transparently personal can readily be ascribed to the particular quirks of the author's emotional biography—but what are we to do with the parallel assertion that the analytic method itself is as characteristic of bourgeois humanism as the dialectic is by definition anti-bourgeois?

NO MORE THAN HIS Marxist predecessors who wrote an equally complicated prose, did Sartre ever make clear what he meant by dialectical reason. Nor was he much more precise about the related term *praxis*—which might refer simply to pragmatic behavior or might function in a more sinister fashion as a polite term for amorality. If dialectics meant a supple method, which refused to be limited by either-or alternatives and which took account of the ramifying interrelatedness of human emotions and actions all well and good. But this was no discovery requiring special congratulation. For more than a generation it had been the common coin of social study everywhere in the West—everywhere, that is, except possibly in France. Here the "lucidity" of Cartesian reasoning had never really relinquished its hold, and Sartre himself in his earlier writings had been faithful to that tradition.

By the time he composed the *Critique*, he had come up against the limitations of Cartesian thought. But it was one thing to recognize in the mind the inadequacy of a certain style of reasoning and something far more difficult to apply that recognition in his own work. When the style of Sartre's *Critique* was not merely turgid—which was most of the time—it displayed the same doctrinaire lucidity as in the past. His treatise suggested an extended lecture to himself about being less Cartesian, and one to little avail, since the formulas of this self-correction remained as categorical as before.

It was curious that Sartre failed to recognize a predecessor in Georges Sorel, whose polemic against the literal-mindedness of orthodox Marxism had anticipated his own, and whose apologia for violence had been similarly phrased in terms of a liberating myth. Perhaps Sartre could never forgive Sorel his flirtations with the political

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right and his admiration for Mussolini. In any case, the 20th-century writers he cited with the greatest esteem were for the most part of a younger generation and more respectable from the standpoint of social science.

Among sociologists there was Max Weber, among anthropologists Claude Lévi-Strauss, and along with them a distinguished roster of French historians including Georges Lefebvre, Marc Bloch, and Fernand Braudel. Such were the contemporary students of human society in whose work Sartre found anticipations or reflections of his own concerns. But his references to them were confined to a passing comment or an unnecessarily lengthy paraphrase; they failed to establish any intrinsic connection between 20th century social science as its most perceptive practitioners had understood it and the venture on which Sartre himself was embarked. These bows to contemporary scholarship figured as highly un-Sartrian endeavors to legitimize his *Critique*—to prove that it had an impeccable pedigree. At their worst, they were simply dragged in; at their best, they indicated that Sartre was participating in the generalized French experience of catching up with social study abroad (and with the progress of historical writing in France itself). But Sartre never satisfactorily integrated the new material with his personal synthesis of Marx and Descartes.

Even this latter was tenuous in the extreme. Sartre's marriage of Marxism to his earlier philosophy entailed a number of sacrifices. As Wilfred Desan has pointed out, it meant tacitly abandoning his former distinction between the for-itself and being-in-itself; it implied a denigration of the contemplative life in favor of revolutionary action; and it made impossible the writing of the work on ethics he had earlier announced—since the claims of *praxis* now overrode everything else. If Frenchmen of the generation preceding Sartre's had lived with too good a conscience to question their own values, in his case the process had been the reverse: he had become so obsessed with the concept of "bad faith," he had delivered himself over so totally to his conviction that he, like every other bourgeois intellectual, was ultimately at fault, that in the end he found no norm to live by beyond a desperate commitment to the cause of the oppressed—a commitment which left little scope for intellectual nuances. And by the same emotional imperative Sartre had been driven to compose a whole bulky treatise to rationalize his choice.

IN THE END the *Critique* boiled down to what George Lichtheim has called a "complicated way of talking *about* phenomena with which historians and sociologists" were "perfectly familiar." It was neither Marxism nor social science—nor did it offer the prolegomena to a new understanding of man. Both amateurish and old-fashioned, it closed rather than inaugurated a major phase in French intellectual history.

If this is the case—if Sartre's greatest ideological effort can be written off as a pretentious failure—it may seem pointless to spend so much time on him. Such is the conclusion of most Anglo-American commentators, who are quite ready to dismiss Sartre with a few patronizing references to a confused mind. But to do so is to miss the point entirely—at least to the historian of ideas. For Sartre has in no sense a second-rate intellect. His interests are as wide as those of any man of his era; he has written successfully in at least four different genres—the novel, the drama, the essay, and formal philosophy; with a different temperament he could have become a French Goethe. The point, rather, is to ask what there was in his emotional constitution and his relationship to society that made a man of such extraordinary gifts take the road he did.

At the start one needs to insist—again with Anglo-American detractors in mind—that there was nothing base or self-interested about Sartre's alignment with communism. It brought him little credit and much abuse. The only tangible benefit he derived from it was the pleasure of being royally entertained in Moscow or Havana or Peking. In return he received an unending stream of calumny, sarcasm, and distortion of his thought—not all of which came from the political right. When the 1950's opened and Sartre set out on his ideological adventures, he was just entering middle life and his fame was securely established; his subsequent forays abroad only damaged the reputation he had already won.

The conclusion seems inescapable: Sartre's relation to communism and revolution was inspired by an inner need for atonement—a need to take upon himself the sins of the French bourgeoisie. Whether one chooses to call this attitude heroic or masochistic is immaterial: the evidence of self-punishment remains. The agonies he underwent in composing his *Critique of Dialectical Reason* may stand for all the rest. And even when he was not writing "against himself," Sartre behaved as a man driven by an inner compulsion towards words: he wryly admitted that he went on working at a furious pace decades after he had lost all conscious sense that anyone was ordering him to do so. If Sartre attacked so savagely the crypto-Puritanism of the traditional French bourgeois, it was certainly in part because he knew (and detested) the tyranny of such sentiments in his own heart.

Eventually the words themselves became vehicles of his moral asceticism. In the mid-1950's, Sartre's literary efforts bifurcated. After a struggle with his conscience which the recollections of his associates leave obscure, he evidently determined that literature—in the sense of style

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and composition—was no longer so important as he had once thought. In effect, he chose to sacrifice his position as a writer to what he regarded as his role in history. Hence the careless, utilitarian cast of his later writings; hence the crabbed style of his *Critique*. But at the same time—and most fortunately for posterity—he kept intact a corner of his literary pasture, which he tended rather more carefully than he had before. If he now devoted the bulk of his writing to polemical ends, he preserved a smaller segment of it as the domain of that "pure" literature which had originally started him on his way. It was to the second category that his autobiography of childhood, *The Words*, belonged—in the sense of craftsmanship as fine a work as he had ever composed.

This little book, published just four years after the *Critique*, seemed to take back or refute much that his Marxian treatise had asserted. After speaking with bemused irony of his "idealist" phase as a "long, bittersweet madness" from which he had recovered a decade before, Sartre went on to question the ideological commitment that had succeeded it. His pen, he now recognized, was not really a sword; he was well aware that intellectuals like himself were powerless; he no longer quite knew what to do with his life. But he was resolved to go on writing. It was, after all, his *métier*: there was no other way in which he was equipped to live.

IT IS POSSIBLY UNFAIR to judge an author by the moment of self-abandonment in which he delivers himself over to the mercy of his readers. But in Sartre's case, as in that of so many others, we have no more direct evidence available. Perhaps we can put the matter most charitably by suggesting that the whole ideological phase of Sartre's life—the *Critique* and all the rest—was based on a fundamental skepticism to which the autobiography finally gave expression. As a young man Sartre had thought in terms of the absolute: that had vanished with his idealist style of thinking, and no corresponding imperative had taken its place. There had come instead a more particularist and down-to-earth conviction that even in the absence of any fixed ethical norm, "innumerable tasks" remained to be performed. Alternatively —this time in terms of Sartre's self-definition—he had once thought of himself as a very special kind of person: a mandarin by hereditary right.

Now he was cured of that illusion: he was ready to take his place in the ranks of mankind along with other men. But the only way in which he could serve his fellows was by writing in their behalf; and so he would continue to write—and in the fashion that had become habitual to him, in the tone of a peremptory summons to duty.

Thus as Sartre's younger friend Francis Jeanson said, absolutist thinking went out by the door and came in again through the window. The result, while illogical, had an undeniable dignity and even charm. Sartre meant quite literally what he had said in his lecture on existentialist ethics two decades before—that he (in common with everyone else) bore a responsibility for all his fellow men. However suspect the emotional origins of so cosmic a sense of responsibility—however it might lend itself to the urbane mockery of his educated countrymen—this sense was the legitimate heir of that aspiration to universal values that had long been the characteristic mark of the French intellectual. In expressing it Sartre aligned himself with the tradition of the great *moralistes*; he took his place in the lineage of French classicism. Yet he did so with a difference which to him was capital: Sartre thought of the universalism he espoused as something quite new, as an articulation of the longings of the non-European world, only very lately released from the domination of Westerners like himself.

Herein lay the pathos of Sartre's position. For all the generosity of his gestures to the world overseas, he himself remained incorrigibly Cartesian-French. The very manner in which he espoused the cause of the oppressed in Asia or Africa or Latin America betrayed him to be an old-style European intellectual, perhaps the last truly great one that the 20th century was to see. At bottom he belonged with the ideologists of the previous century—although he angrily rejected the identification—pronouncing as an amateur on the variegated subjects his restless mind encountered. In the later phases of his intellectual endeavors, Sartre succeeded in illuminating no significant facet of human society; his "search for a method" ran into the sands. Sartre's striving toward universalism had the opposite of the effect he had desired: his impassioned revolutionary rhetoric, far from opening up new vistas, cut him off from the main stream of contemporary social thought.

Sartre's analysis of ethical ambiguity had liberated a whole intellectual generation from facile moralizing. Yet after the mid-1950's Sartre "brutalized" his own thought to the point of caricature. He turned it to ends that were far removed from disinterested inquiry. The fact that the most powerful and original among the French thinkers of the mid-century chose to pursue so eccentric a course could not fail to retard the efforts of his countrymen to break out of their self-imposed confinement.

H. Stuart Hughes is Professor of History at Harvard University, and the author of Consciousness and Society *and other books. This essay on Sartre comes from a forthcoming work on modern French social thought, to be published in early 1968 by Harper & Row.*

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Literature

THE HELL'S ANGELS: THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE SAGA OF THE OUTLAW MOTORCYCLE GANGS. *By Hunter S. Thompson. New York: Random House. 278 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by Stephen Schneck

ONCE AGAIN, let us take note that there is a vicious, obscene, bizarre and psychopathic reality operating in America today. Interwoven among the red/white/and blue threads of the Supermarket-Supermachine-Great Freeway Society, there is an illicit strain, an outlaw breed, a criminal class participating in scenes that contradict every ideal, every dearly beloved cliché concerning the virtues of America the beautiful. It seems that at the rotten heart of the Great Society, there is a lesser society, a secret society, a subculture made up of dissenters and malcontents and despised peoples. Menace maintains itself in the cities, and terror, sheer terror tours the countryside with the "hoodlum circus." The nation needs more protection from itself, and the Police State advances from theory to fact, from extrapolation to existence; and still the citizenry feels more menaced than ever. The great organs of public misinformation, the news media, continue the ambiance of intimidation, continue to create and feed the public's fear of communists, Negroes, student activists, long hair and young beards and chemical mystics, domestic *Provos* of every description and drop-outs on every level. From individuals of high and extraordinary talents, to packs of brutal, motorized thugs, Americans are subtracting themselves from the general consensus, and creating (a few consciously, most unconsciously) an anti-society at the very core of the Great Society.

Mr. Thompson summarizes the situation: "More and more often the police are finding themselves in conflict with whole blocks of the citizenry, none of them criminals in the traditional sense of the word, but many as potentially dangerous—to the police—as any armed felon . . . It may be that America is developing a whole new category of essentially social criminals . . . who threaten the police and the traditional social structure even when they are breaking no law . . . because they view the Law with contempt and the police with distrust, and this abiding resentment can explode without warning at the slightest provocation."

One of the more picaresque segments of this definitely anti-social force, this new criminal society, is the rough-riding, outlaw motorcycle gang, and specifically, the Hell's Angels, unequivocally baptized "The rottenest motorcycle gang in the whole history of Christendom" by Mr. Thompson in his exciting but uneven account of these "big-city Huns."

The Hell's Angels, along with the Gypsy Jokers, Satan's Slaves, the Misfits, the East Bay Dragons (an all Negro motorcycle gang), the Hangmen, and the Nightriders, et al, are totally offensive to any decent American citizen with his head full of images and information disseminated by Time magazine, or Newsweek, or The New York Times. The sight of a Hell's Angel, flying his colors, sporting his Iron Cross, with the wind in his armpits as he roars down the freeway on his lethal, yet so vulnerable, souped-up, custom-chopped hog, is enough, "to tempt many automobile drivers to commit murder," according to a reporter familiar with the motorcycle scene. And not only automobile drivers, but pedestrians, drunks, on- and off-duty cops, fraternity boys, insurance salesmen, and nearly everyone else in America is stirred to violence by the mere shadow of an Angel. Is this unreasonable, implacable hatred directed against the Hell's Angels because they are so foreign, so different, so extraordinarily out of place in the clean-cut, secure, serious and acceptable image America has of herself?

Yet the Hell's Angels are very definitely a part of America; their mythical roots lie in the American Wild West tradition, a sacred American institution. It has even been argued that the Angels are our last heroes, descended from Billy the Kid, Bat Masterson, Wild Bill Hickok and company. It cannot be maintained that the Hell's Angels are an isolated phenomena: they are an everyday banality in America's reality, and as Mr. Thompson points out, "Far from being freaks, the Hell's Angels are a logical product of a culture that now claims to be shocked at their existence. . . . They are not so different from the rest of us as they sometimes seem. *They are only more obvious.*" (My italics.) They are only the advance guard of a terrible army that is being raised up against itself and the rest of humanity by the self-destructive society which created them, sustained them, and now hates them with an irrationality that suggests self-hatred; a neurotic emotion not unknown in America.

The late William Parker, police chief of Los Angeles during the Watts riots, put it in so many words: "The only way we can stop this is to arrest, arrest, arrest." This is SOP (Standard Operating Procedure) for dealing not only with the *Negro menace*, but menaces of many sorts; all serious threats to the intolerable status quo—from the cerebral attack of brilliant iconoclasts like the late Lenny Bruce, to the physical expression of chain-wielding, crotch-kicking, outrageous motorcycle gangs—are met by men of Chief Parker's mentality. Arrest, arrest, arrest; shoot, club, arrest, kill, harass, arrest and arrest some more, is the solution postulated by police and politicians, and proselytized widely by the disaster-oriented media, and swallowed whole by the sick society, this Great Society, this scared stiff society.

MR. THOMPSON'S account of the Hell's Angels, written after a year's association with the gang (suddenly culminated by the author's being seriously beaten by several members of the Angels) is punctuated with the dreadfully unmelodious thud of authenticity. Mr. Thompson's work is especially welcome in the wake of a plethora of spurious, sensationalized, exploitational movies, magazine articles, one-shot picture books, and so-called responsible news reports that have de-

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SOREL'S BESTIARY

The Jackal

NUMBER 10

(Lox Vox)

Scarcely any animal is less understood or more confusedly described than this voracious little beast. Conservative naturalists observe with satisfaction that his fur rises at the mention of a stock transfer tax, while liberal naturalists note only that the fur has a union label. (This may serve to explain why the Jackal is referred to as *Jake* on Wall Street and *Jackalla* on the lower east side.)

The female of the species has an apparent aversion to the damp intellectual climate along the Potomac in which her mate thrives. This causes a problem which is solved only on weekends when the male migrates north. This ritual may end, however, if he succeeds in becoming the number two beast of the jungle. This is unlikely, as the *Thespis Californicus* from the west (see *Bestiary*, October, 1966) certainly tries harder.

The Jackal, despite the unpleasant characteristics common to all vote scavengers, is not without friends in the jungle. Blackbirds like him for the way he uses his sharp clauses in their behalf; Hawks, for his participation in their pro-war "patriots parade" down Fifth Avenue. The Grand Old Elephant is less impressed, and keeps him in his place, while the Doves see him not as *Jackal* but as *Hyde*. ES

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picted the Hell's Angels somewhere between the sullen beauty of Marlon Brando in "The Wild Ones," and the high-styled closet queens and leather fetishists of Kenneth Anger's "Scorpio Rising."

The reality, the truth about the Hell's Angels, is of course infinitely more fantastic, and ultimately more boring. Mr. Thompson writes a stiff, undistinguished, loosely organized brand of reportage, and his prose is more mundane than the copy created by Time, by Newsweek, and by the great grey lady herself, the august New York Times on the same topic.

This is not literary nitpicking: this is not beside the point; *it is the point*. It is a point that Hunter Thompson scores without any display of literary skill but with awful clarity. Thompson's book demonstrates, once again, that it isn't necessary to be especially artful in order to be truthful: which in turn suggests that there might not necessarily be any truth in art. A staggering suggestion, a fantastic possibility, but these are extravagant times. And fiction has become the province of journalists and politicians, leaving professional writers, creative writers, feature story writers, adventure writers, and adventurous writers (like Mr. Thompson) nothing but the ashcan of real life to grub in for literary plots and content. In this decade in America, we have seen imagination preempted by the popular press, led by the President of the United States. In these overwritten times, we cannot expect our authors to waste effort on such affectations as literary style. It is enough to write the facts in a clear hand: it is a mistake to attempt to embellish or improve upon the fantastic actuality. (How can any critic ever refer to this period of American arts and literature as *decadent*? Our most successful artists are absolute realists—nearly 99 and 100 per cent pure—from Warhol's recent Chelsea Girls, to Thompson's *Hell's Angels*, the art-product is a nearly perfect reproduction of what we Americans quaintly call, "real life.") That much of Mr. Thompson's book was written with the aid of a tape recorder will surprise no one who reads it: much of the "strange and terrible saga of the outlaw motorcycle gangs" reads like nothing so much as play-back.

On the other hand, the hilarious and influential Lynch Report, a lurid and entirely unreliable analysis of the Hell's Angels, issued by Thomas C. Lynch, attorney general of California, is full of dramatic intonations, thrilling literary asides, and lots and lots of pure fabrication. The report is the result of more than a hundred questionnaires sent out from the attorney general's office to small town sheriffs, city police chiefs, and district attorneys throughout the state. On the basis of information supplied by these officials, the Maximum Law Enforcement Officer of California published a 15-page survey of the Hell's Angels and "other disreputables." Inspired by the 1965 Monterey "gang rape of two teenage girls," by "numerous members of the Hell's Angels" (the gang rape charge itself, an inspired piece of fiction), the Lynch Report was republished as fact, in and out of context, by that other great American gang, the Time-Newsweek-N.Y. Times bunch.

Mr. Thompson has saved us from the calculated mythology that passes for factual history among the millions who can only know what they read in the newspapers. In this instance, the facts are especially discomforting. According to Mr. Thompson, himself an ex-newspaperman, the Hell's Angels "were saved from extinction by the Lynch Report and the nationwide infamy that followed." This suggests the direction from whence the menace comes. If the Lynch Report revived the fading Angels, then the attorney general's office is obviously a great hazard to the public . . . a thesis not entirely without merit.

Mr. Thompson presents the Hell's Angels—their geneology, hierarchy, lifestyles and other significant data concerning the gang's physical organization and psychic outlook—with commendable exactitude. Yet for all the morbidly fascinating material, the natural attraction of The Rites revealed, and gang secrets told for the first time, the most significant sentence in the entire book, more ominous than the roar of motorcycles chasing us down the freeway, more immediate than the annual nationwide July 4th and Labor Day motorcycle riots, more disturbing than the description of Big Frank from Frisco jerking an eyeball out of an opponent's eyesocket (a traditional karate move) is Thompson's definitive statement: "*The Hell's Angels, as they exist today, were virtually created by Time, Newsweek, and The New York Times.*" (My italics.)

Yet the Hell's Angels are most definitely a real gang of real hoodlums, mounted on real, big, fast, motorcycles. No one doubts that the Angels actually exist. But neither is the veracity of Mr. Thompson's charges against those three great organs of public misinformation seriously challenged. Therefore, a hideous paradox is postulated. The Hell's Angels are real, yet they are an invention of the news media. We may speculate on how much of our reality is made up by that same trio of loud liars.

Where does the nightmare end, and where does the decent reality, the sanity of daylight, begin?

THE HELL'S ANGELS, along with everyone else in America, are included in the dreadful confusion. Much of the Angels' difficulties seem to stem from their inability to distinguish between an act of somnambulism and a dream of sleep-walking. Their image of themselves was set, years before, in some Saturday afternoon movie theater, where they watched the good guys punch out the bad guys; the uncomplicated morality lesson taught by the great silver screen. While the rest of their generation grew up into Winners or Losers (the great American Divide) these few stunted specimens metamorphosed into heroes who were actually Losers. But according to hallowed American tradition, Losers are bad guys. A dichotomy occurs, and is at once resolved by making the heroic Losers extremely bad guys. "Exaggeration," Thompson notes, "is the backbone of their style."

Either that, or the reporters hustled a gang of motorcycle toughs into believing that they actually were the Hell's Angels; a legion of the damned, a suicide squad in some undefined resistance against an unnamed enemy, represented by policemen, who are clearly everyone's enemy.

Are the Hell's Angels, then, a case of life imitating art? (Surely the reports filed by the news services and duly printed in the daily newspapers are more art than fact.) Did some non-poet with a press card follow the attorney general's lead and take artistic license with reality, creating the legend of the Hell's Angels, and letting life immediately document his imagination?

There seems to be some support for this theory, as evinced by the fact that the Hell's Angels, when confronted with their own legend, began the process of disintegration; they committed the ultimate act of anomie—they began to be-

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lieve their own publicity. They read about themselves in the newspapers, saw themselves on television, and succumbed to the fatal combination, egotism coupled with cupidity.

Obviously, the Hell's Angels are merely a syndrome of a pathology currently known by the euphemism, the Great Society. And even more obviously, the Hell's Angels are almost wholly an obscene parody of the very society that created them. And as that society crumbles, parodies and satires lose their *raison*, their vitality. The gangs disintegrate along with the rest of America. Of course, the strange and terrible saga of the outlaw motorcycle gangs may not be told in full, not yet. There may be still another chapter to come, in which the Hell's Angels will be transfigured from directionless, optionless, indifferent hoodlums to disciplined, purposeful, skull-cracking brown shirts of a new America, which probably will resemble an old Germany, circa 1939.

Hunter S. Thompson is to be congratulated for avoiding the usual motorcycle traps, pratfalls, and dead ends, and endless discussions of sexual significance of the motorcycle ambience ("a phallic locomotor symbol"); and tedious arguments over the sado-masochistic nature of their interpersonal relationships. Whether the Hell's Angels are really a bunch of drag queens or not is moot beside the simple fact that they *are*. That is, *they are*, and *they are not*. They exist on the periphery of society, and they retain their legendary status only as long as they remain on that periphery, outside the mainstream of current American affairs. The moment they involve themselves with these issues, they are reduced to mortal misfits, moral imbeciles, exhibitionists, and men dying of despair.

When the Oakland chapter of the Hell's Angels came into contact with the Berkeley student activists during the 1965 VDC marches, push came to shove, and eventually the Angels were seduced. They were turned on to LSD, to Kesey and Ginsberg and the rest of the Bay Area Artists & Intellectual Association of Friends & Fans of the Hell's Angels. Inclusion in the New Community was fatal. The Hell's Angels became *engagés*, and ". . . after a decade or more of isolation, it seemed like the end of an era."

We can only agree with Mr. Thompson, and await the hour when the rest of

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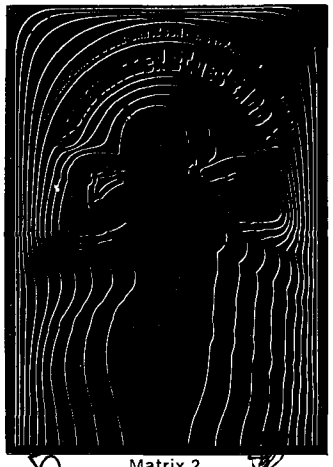
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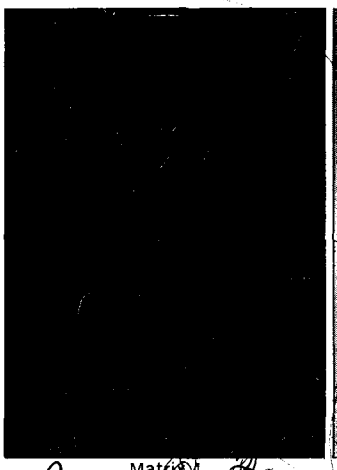
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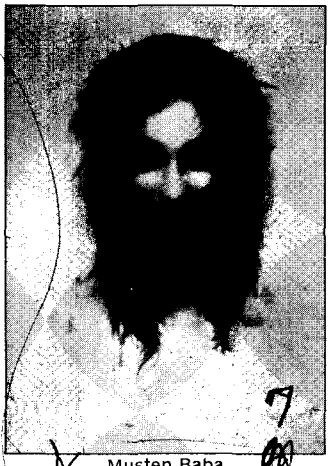
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the Great Society will have caught up with its advance guard, the outlaw motorcycle gangs. For persons such as Sonny Barger, Terrible Terry, Magoo of California, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Average American, it does indeed seem like the end of an era.

The barbarians are not at the city gates any longer. They are in the city. They are the city. In every city . . . all over the nation . . . with or without motorcycles, *we are the barbarians.*

VIETCONG: THE ORGANIZATION AND TECHNIQUES OF THE NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT OF SOUTH VIETNAM. *By Douglas Pike. MIT Press. 474 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by Tom Hayden

THIS STUDY of America's "enemy" has been widely praised for its objectivity. The author is an educated and thoughtful man with six years' firsthand experience in the U.S. Information Service in Vietnam. He has examined hundreds of captured documents and monitored radio transcripts, and has interviewed several score of Viet Cong prisoners. Yet he is so thoroughly ablaze with crude biases against revolution that he does not let the facts speak for themselves.

Western intellectuals commonly analyze the revolutionist as a demonic force, willing to destroy the present for the sake of a utopian vision. If the revolutionist is Asian, the theory goes, he is likely to be particularly ferocious, stoically able to torture or be tortured, totally without respect for the value of human life (unlike proper Caucasians), able to trot for months in the jungle surviving on nothing but roots and cold rice: Douglas Pike's portrayal of the Asian is a composite of these very naive assumptions.

According to Pike's account, the South Vietnamese have traditionally been a "lackadaisical" people compared to the "more sophisticated" Northerners. He epitomizes "the Southern attitude" by quoting South Vietnamese acquaintances who told him that the anti-French resistance was perhaps a "mistake" in which the North Vietnamese "led astray" the rest of their countrymen.

He goes on to say that the anti-Saigon, anti-American resistance, too, has a "distinctly imported quality" and is more a "deliberate creation of Hanoi" than a spontaneous uprising. The creation of the National Liberation Front (NLF) has been so ingenious "that when one thinks of who the master planner must have been, only one name comes to mind: Vietnam's organizational genius, Ho Chi Minh."

As Pike understands it, the only people who consciously choose to join the NLF are a "small minority . . . draft dodgers, military deserters, those who hated the government for some personal reason, opportunists, the ambitious who were seeking status, the rejected, the adventurers . . ." The NLF, Pike continues, is controlled by "phantom figures," indoctrinated in and loyal to Hanoi. The people of South Vietnam are manipulated by the NLF and it, in turn, is controlled by a clique of the People's Revolutionary (Communist) Party. The essence of Pike's thesis is that disciplined and manipulated organization is what has made the Viet Cong, not the social conditions in Vietnam itself.

In view of these assertions, it is incredible that this book is described by the author as "reportorial" and "dispassionate" and by Max Millikan in the foreword as "not a polemic for or against a particular policy line." If objective reporting was indeed Pike's goal, it might explain why the book contains enough facts and admissions within its covers to puncture the main lines of his own thesis. Some examples:

1. *The issue of Hanoi's remote control:* Pike points out the NLF goal of training villagers "to control themselves"; the constant NLF themes of "representation and participation"; the "self-contained" nature of guerilla forces as opposed to the "hierarchic" nature of other modern armies. The way Pike describes the NLF suggests that it values independence and self-reliance more than allegiance to distant commanders.

2. *The use of terror:* The civil servants killed by the NLF appear to be salaried partisans of Saigon. Pike describes them as persons who could be and often were GVN agents. These agents commonly used "blackmail and outright threat" against villagers, Pike acknowledges. On the other hand, Pike's evidence suggests that the NLF members had a "fairly widespread distaste for terror" and refused to employ it in "a random or indiscriminate pattern," but rather, "judiciously, selectively, and sparingly." This prudence makes the NLF all the more diabolical in Pike's mind, but the fact remains that NLF violence cannot be compared with the indiscriminate strategic hamlet program and other Saigon policies which, in Pike's words, "tore apart the fabric of society more effectively than the communists had ever been able to do."

3. *The origins of the war:* In perhaps the understatement of the book, Pike reports that Ngo Dinh Diem conducted "something of a witch-hunt" against suspected Viet Minh. Diem attacked former resistance members, not because they committed insurrection, but because of their "organization-building prowess"; in other words, repression was used because the communists, whose main fighting forces were regrouped in the North, would have "taken over" the Saigon government by peaceful, political, organizational means. The first actual resistance to Saigon "apparently was the work of an impatient cadre operating in the South independently of Hanoi's orders." Perhaps this impatience was a firsthand reaction to "something of a witch-hunt"; at any rate "there can be little doubt that the ground in South Vietnam was fertile for armed revolt." Then why should the new resistance be "the child of the North" as Pike insists? If there was no Ho Chi Minh to create the NLF from the outside, would it not have been created anyway by the experienced militants of the South?

One example will perhaps make clear the strange contrast between dogmatic assertions and evidence that refutes them which is characteristic of this "reportorial" book. Among Pike's profiles of NLF leaders is that of Vo Chi Cong, chairman of the PRP and a member of the Front Central Committee. This man ranks as one of the most sinister in the Red power structure. He is "in effect Hanoi's ranking political commissar" in the NLF, the "Anastas Mikoyan" of South Vietnam. But Cong's biography, as reported by Pike, indicates that he began revolutionary activity in *Southern*

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Vietnam back in 1930, and has fought ever since against the French, Japanese and Americans. How could this man be foreign? All the given facts show that he was schooled under the hammer of colonial oppression, not at polite seminars in Hanoi.

Because Pike believes the NLF is manipulated from Hanoi, everything it does has a sinister motive behind it. So ever-present is Pike's own constant suspicion that it becomes interesting in itself. The feeling grows that he focuses on the NLF's superior technique for some deeper reason than a desire to cover up the massive injustice which preceded the Southern uprising. Pike, a USIA public relations man, seems incapable of understanding behavior, except as manipulating, selling and packaging. The little man in the black pajamas is simply a better salesman than the man in the grey flannel suit.

Pike is not an isolated type. American universities, foundations, agencies and missions around the world are full of his kind. Kremlinologists, China watchers, students of subversion (whether practiced by the NLF or SNCC) are all busy interpreting the latest rearrangement of someone's executive committee from this perspective. They busy themselves studying the collected works of Mao, Che Guevara, Vo Nguyen Giap, and, lately, blueprints for Black Power or student control of universities. Their basic belief is that revolutionary techniques can be stolen and applied to counter-revolutionary ends. If the communists employ an organizational mesh, let us build the strategic hamlet. If SDS workers go to the slums, let us send VISTAS after them. If the Viet Cong wear those crazy pajamas, let us put them on the pacification cadres.

But the technique is not neutral, cannot be turned against the revolutionary who conceived it. The situation, to put it simply, is more important than technique. The foreign invader cannot put himself over as a nationalist.

An inexorable process occurs. The "natives" refuse to fit into the strategic hamlet or the other structures imposed on them, so the reformer decides they are backward. Out of this frustration evolves arrogance: these people, the American thinks, will never help themselves, they will go on wallowing in their silly native customs forever. Thus the possibility of a *political* response to poverty and misery, an actual *program* tailored to popular aspirations and habits, is never realized. And when "communist agitation" begins to succeed where Western ideology has failed, the reformer is ready to forget the "hearts and minds of the people" and send in the Marines. The deadly consequences of this chain reaction are being reaped today by well-meaning Americans in Vietnam.

The choice, then, is to face a future whose ugliness deepens every day, or to somehow reconstruct the American understanding of revolution. It is necessary to feel an emotional link, to sense the desperation, the anguish and the heroism, and above all, to understand the way in which revolt can become reasonable and normal to people in an oppressive situation. We need to sense with Muhammad Ali that we "got nothing against them Viet Cong."

Perhaps at that point Americans will be able to respond to the real needs of the world's angry poor. Sending people to fight them, either in Marine uniforms or black pajamas, will not suffice.

Tom Hayden, a recent visitor to Hanoi and North Vietnam, is currently collaborating with Yale professor Staughton Lynd on a book about Vietnam.

SENATOR FULBRIGHT: PORTRAIT OF A PUBLIC PHILOSOPHER. *By Tristram Coffin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 378 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by
William Appleman Williams

UNFORTUNATELY, this is a C book about an A subject. Coffin's *forte* is serious and somewhat apocalyptic journalism at book length. It is a viable and useful idiom if

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the practitioner writes from some solid philosophical perspective that enables him to select and sort, and create an informing order, from the mass of data about contemporary affairs. But Coffin is not a Lippman, and his intelligence and humaneness are not sufficiently sharpened and focused to handle the complexities and the high seriousness of his present subject.

He offers two contradictory insights into Senator Fulbright—and chooses the wrong one. Early and late in the book Coffin accurately describes him as "one of the last great conservatives of the Anglo-American tradition." But the presentation and interpretation are governed by the wildly erroneous proposition that Fulbright is "a modern Prometheus." The result is a strained, contradictory, and inaccurate picture of a man and his ideas.

Coffin has fallen too hard for the flashy but over-simplified social science history that explains all behavior repellent to Eastern liberals as a product of crude and irrational Populists from the west and South. One would have hoped that Woodrow Wilson and John Foster Dulles might have made it clear that self-righteous and crusading diplomacy is not peculiar to Populists. Or if not Wilson and Dulles, then John Fitzgerald Kennedy. As Fulbright perceived at the time, Kennedy "out-Nixoned Nixon" on Cuba. And he was hardly the model of restrained rationality in the later missile crisis. To explain President Lyndon Baines Johnson as a hangover from Populism is to evade, rather than clarify, the central questions about contemporary American life and diplomacy.

Coffin would have gotten closer to the truth if he had refined and then applied the insight inherent in his remark about Fulbright's hearings on Vietnam and China. "We were in the process of disillusioning ourselves, but it was a damn expensive process." For that is a perceptive way of describing what is now happening throughout the United States, and a helpful way of coming to appreciate the great importance of conservatives like Fulbright. It is more accurate, however, to think of the process as rewarding—if also painful and demanding—rather than expensive. Here, in this mis-choice of words, the weakness of Coffin's work is clearly revealed. He is too caught up with the moment to penetrate to the essence of the problem.

The process of contemporary American disillusionment is so fitful and so wrenching because it involves the central American assumption and belief that meaningful and creative human life is uniquely and irrevocably a function or product of marketplace capitalism. This axiom is usually talked about in the rhetoric of freedom and democracy; but those are merely particular means to the fundamental objective—meaningful and creative human life—that in a rather common way have become synonyms for the end itself.

This equation between the good life and marketplace capitalism is not a harum-scarum fantasy dreamed up by some disoriented and frustrated country bumpkins called Populists at the end of the 19th century. It is a serious philosophical proposition initially formulated by John Locke and Adam Smith, and subsequently developed and accepted by most of the Western world—liberals as well as conservatives. The Populists merely reaffirmed the validity of the central axiom and demanded that the liberals and conservatives honor it in practice. They asserted their right to an equitable share of the marketplace rewards, and they insisted that the marketplace be regulated so that it produced the promised freedom and democracy.

This made them, along with most other Americans, strong advocates of the overseas expansion of the American marketplace. The philosophy itself asserted that was the key to the entire process. The Populists also manifested a particular concern to see that the expansion produced the meaningful and creative life it was supposed to produce.

THE TROUBLE, of course, was that the expansion produced more marketplace rewards but less freedom and democracy. That is still the trouble.

Along with the great majority of Americans, and especially the liberals, the Populists rationalized their acceptance of an imperialistic system on relativistic grounds. The American imperium was better than the old colonialism. And it was better than the German and Japanese challenges of the 1930's. In defending it against those alternatives, however, all Americans progressively began to view their imperial system as a positive, absolute good that should be accepted by other people, and as the necessary basis of their own meaningful and creative lives.

But this meant war, for the simple reason that it defined every frontier as a must, and every challenge as a mortal threat. Fulbright's greatness is not defined by his recognition of that truth. Other men saw it earlier and acted sooner. Fulbright's importance and greatness stem from his determined reassertion, as a conservative within the philosophic tradition of the marketplace, of the primacy of life over the marketplace and its expansion.

It is easy for radicals to discount that action on the grounds that they did it sooner and also went on to deny the necessity of the connection between the marketplace and freedom, democracy, and a meaningful life. Those criticisms are valid, but they are not the whole story. Fulbright attracted more support for the position of the critics than the critics had through their own efforts.

The truth is that the radical protest movement would never have reached the majority of Americans if Fulbright had not honored his own conservative principles and taken the issues into the forum provided by his control of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. This, along with the limits of the senator's power ("God, but I am lonely and discouraged"), ought to make it clear that confrontation politics are inherently and fundamentally limited. They are limited by the willingness to compromise and accommodate of those who have power. And they are limited by practical and psychological negativism. Fulbright has provided the opening for the wedge which must be driven into the establishment. He cannot be held responsible for the failure to do the rest. He has never played at being anything but what he is: an unusually intelligent, perceptive and honest conservative.

The main promise that Fulbright offers radicals lies in the reason he attracted so much support. Having watched those hearings, and having discussed them in hundreds of conversations with people I never before knew, I have the very strong feeling that his success was based on one fundamental axiom.

Fulbright has a deep and elemental respect for human beings and hence a sustaining confidence in the power of reason in a tough, sustained dialogue. He hangs tough over the long haul, and that is precisely what American radical-

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ism has never done in the 20th century. It is time radicalism gave less attention to posters and more attention to a program that will attract human beings, offering them a reasoned way to achieve a more meaningful and creative life.

William Appleman Williams is a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin and author of The Tragedy of American Diplomacy (*World, 1959*) *and* The Contours of American History (*World, 1961*).

THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE: A PERSONAL INQUIRY INTO THE ANIMAL ORIGINS OF PROPERTY AND NATIONS *by Robert Ardrey. New York: Atheneum. 353 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by Judith Marine

MEN HAVE COME UP with numerous theories to set themselves apart from other animals, and although the contemporary anthropologist rarely claims a "soul" as the distinctive human feature, he often claims a nature untainted by instinct and a set of "uniquely human" institutions. One of those institutions is our habit of staking out a bit of property and telling other members of our species to keep their sticky fingers *off*.

But this behavior, contrary to belief, is not unique to humans. Monkeys do indeed claim certain trees as their own and surround them with their own kinds of fences, clearly recognizable to other monkeys. And such behavior extends not just to monkeys and apes, but to roebuck and ravens, Uganda kob and cicada killer-wasps, prairie dogs and fur seals, penguins and pigeons, and scores of others.

In Ardrey's definition:

> A territory is an area of space, whether of water or earth or air, which an animal or group of animals defends as an exclusive preserve. The word is also used to describe the inward compulsion in animate beings to possess and defend such a space. A territorial species of animals, therefore, is one in which all males, and sometimes females too, bear an inherent drive to gain and defend an exclusive property.

In a territorial species males fight not for females but for property, and females are responsive to propertied males. Any defender of a territory has a natural advantage – a "flow of energy and resolve . . . invests the proprietor on his home grounds" and the invader feels a reciprocal weakening of courage.

The concept of territory is not a new one in biology, and much of Ardrey's material is far from controversial. But the existence of territorial behavior in animals is not generally well-known, to some extent simply because much of the research is fairly new and hasn't "seeped down" yet. Virtually no one, for example, has studied primates in the wild until the last few years, and much of our "knowledge" came from 1930's studies of baboons in the London Zoo – well-fed male baboons, untroubled by fear of predators but lacking female company.

The unsuspecting baboons got labeled as natural homosexuals, and the caged primates in heterosexual groups were seen as primarily concerned with sex. And what would *you* do, locked in one of those dumpy cages day in and day out, after you got tired of watching all the beings who came to look at you? Unfortunately the zoologists involved did their work without benefit of seeing "La Dolce Vita," a later study in well-fed boredom.

Studies in the wild show that monkeys and apes don't devote most of their lives to chasing their brothers' wives, or their brothers – they spend it yelling at their neighbors to keep their sticky fingers off the home team's fruit trees. So much for sex.

The patas monkeys, in fact, maintain strict border controls all year *except* during the mating season, when the borders are relaxed and everybody has a multi-territorial orgy, returning at its end to their old territories and "mates" to bear and raise whatever bastard offspring results.

With a little imagination, I'm sure human parallels could be drawn – and they would probably be as valid as most of the conclusions Ardrey draws about

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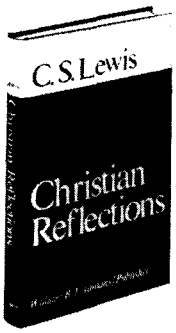

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human territoriality. For out of a vast jumble of anecdotal versions of animal behavior studies in which big animals and little animals, feathered and furred and scaled animals, cuddly animals and nasty animals all do something or other with territory, Ardrey pulls a theory which is supposed to apply to people. The problem is not that we don't exhibit territorial behavior, but that we do too much. Analogies are too easy to draw, and in the end "prove" nothing.

"Arena behavior," for example, is what happens among herd animals around mating season. There is an area, returned to each year, where the males go and vie – with a minimum of physical damage to themselves – to see who will get to stand on the 4 or 12 or 18 mating stations to which all the females in the herd will come. The rest of the males get left out, unless they can catch a deviant female in the brush.

As with the patas, one could draw parallels. Ardrey decides, however, that men aren't suited to arena behavior, since one of its dictates is that as soon as a female steps onto the next fellow's turf, she's out of bounds. This is the "morality" of the arena for which Ardrey says men are not fitted, and he may have a point.

But there is a problem. Men do supposedly establish "pair territories," areas defended by a male and female animal, either seasonally as do, for example, robins and roebuck, or yearround, as do patas and gibbons. Either males pick out the property and females choose among male-property packages, or the pair picks out their property together.

In any case they defend it jointly, and it is this joint identity with their property which Ardrey claims is the basis for their staying together – it's house and garden which keep mummy and daddy together, not sex, companionship or the kiddies.

I'm sure that conclusion is hardly news to some lengthily married couples, but does it all really have anything to do with instinct? Is that analogy any more convincing than one between the well-heeled bachelor sitting smugly in his penthouse waiting for the chicks he knows will present themselves at his door, and the super-kob waiting in his Ugandan circle? Or one between the poor leftover kobs with no mating stations and the clumps of forlorn male undergraduates at any university who can't afford rooms of their own? Yet men are not, by Ardrey's theory, arena animals.

There are even better games if we turn to Ardrey's *"noyau"* and "biological nation." A *"noyau"* (roughly, "nucleus") is a group of pair territories clustered together, separated by some distance from any other *noyaux*. There is much yelling within the *noyau,* but the animals don't move their little territories further apart, though they have the room to do so. The question is: Why, if they don't like each other, do they hang out together?

Ardrey's answer gets him into the "function" of territory and the three basic animal needs: identity, stimulation and security. A territory provides them all: identity ("I am of this place"), and security and stimulation, otherwise known as "safety at home and fun at the border." Without worrying too much about those sea lions, penguins and prairie dogs sitting about thinking "I am of this place" (after all, I don't really know that they don't), let's look at what Ardrey does with men and *noyaux*.

He says, seriously I assume, that "Italy is a *noyau*." He recognizes it as a *noyau* because the people yell at one another all the time, and because Italians are notoriously bad soldiers. They're bad soldiers, of course, because their apparent nation is not really their common "territory" and so they never have that super-spurt of strength in defending Italy that other men (say, Greeks) feel in defending theirs. Enough? No. The *noyau* concept also explains why the French "lost their will to fight" the Nazis–France, quite without anyone noticing, had turned from a nation into a *noyau* "and probably still is."

Ardrey then turns to the "biological nation"– a breeding group of animals containing at least two adult males. Baboons live in biological nations without territories–large troops move about in areas but don't defend their borders. This lack of "nationalism" has unfortunate consequences for the baboons – they live in a rigidly hierarchical tyranny held together by terror. Defending no territory, they cannot direct their wrath beyond their borders and so turn it on themselves. Ardrey even has a formula for it: Amity = Enmity + hazard. Internal friendly relations result from the nullification of natural hostility by outside threat – natural catastrophe or territorial invasion.

(For the source of this "natural hostility," see *African Genesis*. Like the territorial imperative, it's plausible but vague, and has many more conclusions drawn from it than it will support.)

The biological nation without a territory is in a bad way – witness, says Ardrey, what happened to the Jews. Since the Diaspora, Jews have had no territory to defend, and the "Jewish character" and culture are those of the de-territorialized man. Once Israel was regained, the pattern changed. There "are no Jews in Israel," only Israelis, and the young Israeli who asks his parents "Why didn't you fight back?" is acting as only the territorial man acts. The man with no territory lacks that super-spurt of strength which pushes him to fight back.

We can make an equally plausible case that the American black man is obviously de-territorialized, and that that's the source of his psychological problems. It's the territorial imperative which has found expression as "Black Power." Nothing could be clearer. The Negro male who has no right to defend his home from the invading white has no territory, for it is the essence of "territory" that it can and must be defended. Possessing no territory, the black man loses both the super-strength of the proprietor and the respect of his women. To assert Black Power is simply to assert territory, and the personal strength which the perception of an owned territory provides black men today hardly needs be pointed out.

The very plausibility of these analogies is what makes Ardey's book intriguing, but Ardrey's conclusions are highly speculative.

If the territorial imperative says anything to man and other primates, it says, weakly, "Better get some 'territory'– you define it." And *that*, no matter how well "verified," is no more helpful to us in analyzing human property relations than Freud's idea that what we're all after are our long lost childhood feces.

Judith Marine is a research assistant in political science at the University of California at Berkeley.

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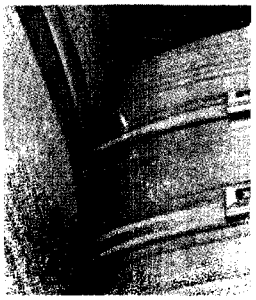

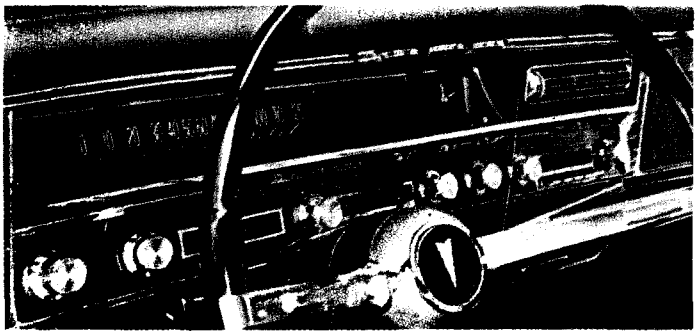

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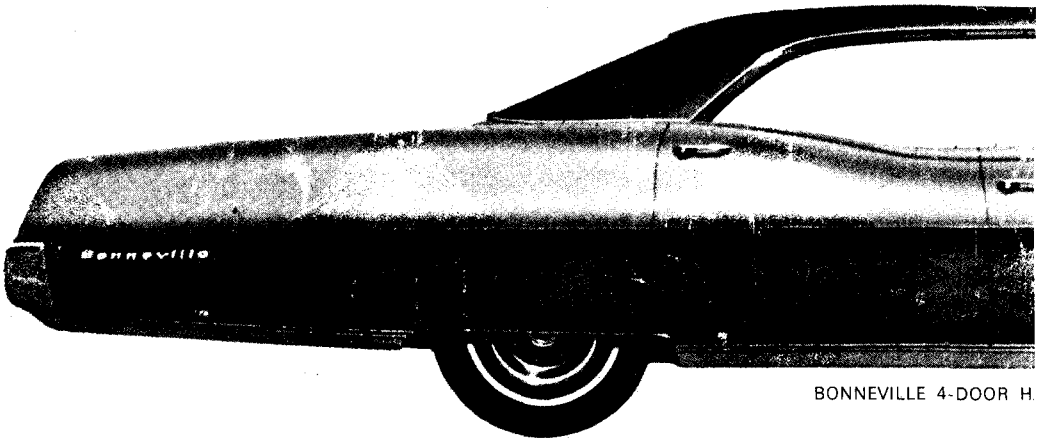

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